

SLUG Mag

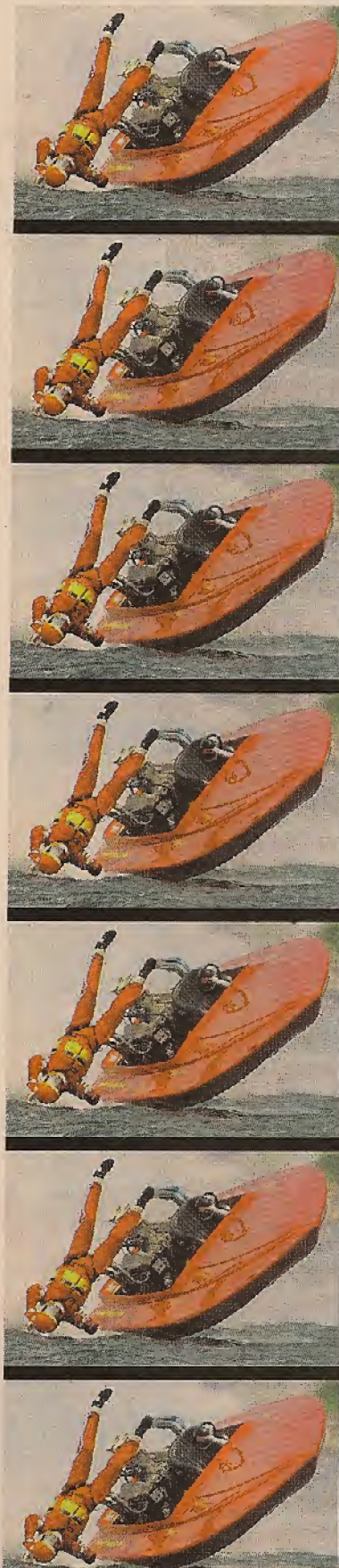
june issue '186'
r always-free.

-DEVANDRA BANHART-

GLAD LIES
BLOODY HOLLIES

the LEGENDARY PINK DOTS!





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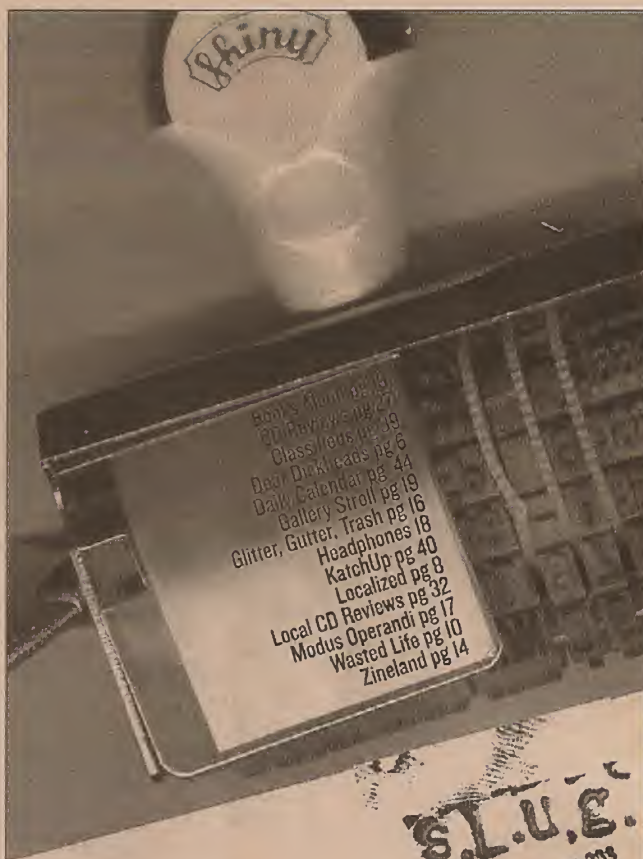
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Celebrating
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Boat's Afloat pg 18
CD Reviews pg 27
Classifieds pg 39
Dear Dickheads pg 6
Daily Calendar pg 44
Gallery Stroll pg 19
Gutter, Trash pg 18
Headphones 18
KatchUp pg 40
Localized pg 8
Local CD Reviews pg 32
Modus Operandi pg 17
Wasted Life pg 10
Zineland pg 14

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-DEVANDRA BANHART- 23

BLUDDY HOLLIES 11

the LEGENDARY PINK DOTs

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24

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Dear Dickheads,

I think that what you're doing is great. We need more assholes in the world today. It makes me sick everytime I turn on the TV and see some lame ass childrens show about sharing and love. Sharing and love... **FUCK THAT.** We need to start making children's shows based on Quentin Tarantino movies. People all day long tell me how much of an asshole I am and I love it. The world needs more guys like us. Oh by the way, go fuck yourself... bitch. -Danny Boy

As Sartre said, "Reading Kierkegaard, I climb back as far as myself. I want to catch hold of him, and it is myself I catch. This non-conceptual work is an invitation to understand MYSELF as the source of all concepts." I think this holds true in your case Danny Boy. It's true that you are an asshole, and yes, you can love it all you want, but your status will never change. So, my advice would be to get over yourself, buy a large roman candle, light it, and then, jam it in your ass, you donkey-raping shit-eater.

hey i was born the same year as slug
was! i thought it was kinda cool and i
thought i'd tell you!
later, jake

You know I was born on the same day as Johnny Cash and Buffalo Bill, but you don't see me writing into a MAJOR music publication asking for a cookie, now do you? Tell you what, Jake, next time you celebrate your birthday, buy a large roman candle, light it, and then, jam it in your ass you donkey-raping shit-eater..

Dear Dickheads,
You gotta get rid of the guy answering phones at your office. I've been calling the SLUG office a lot lately to find out about new releases, and this guy (who won't give his name) always answers "Lamp Emporium," and has been giving me all kinds of shit. He says he doesn't know who you are and that I have the wrong number, but I know I have the right number and that he's just fucking with me. Last Friday I called up your office and he answered again, "Lamp Emporium," but this time he makes it seem like he's talking to someone in the background. He's got his hand partially over the mouthpiece and I hear him say kind of muffled, "No, that's solid brass ma'am. uh huh, it's 125 dollars." Can you believe that shit? That he's got the audacity to keep shining on me like that, day after day? I half expected the last issue of SLUG to have an article on "Rude Office Phone

Receptionists: The Quickest Road to Alienating Your Core Audience." I think you should fire this guy, he's really a dick. If you don't fire him, I'll never read your stupid magazine again. Sincerely, Lance Crowder

Listen asshole, quit calling all the goddamn time and I'll leave you alone. I see your number on the box and I respond accordingly. Look, we don't have the release date for SheDaisy or whatever the fuck you're looking for memorized, so go to the Mega-Record-Mart and ask them. Jesus, it's not bad enough that I work for fucking nothing and have to do all the shit work in the office, and then I have to deal with you, too? Get fucked.

Dear Dickheads,
Do you remember that neighbor of ours growing up who had that pet monkey? How even though it wasn't a red-butt monkey, you bet me that if we shaved his butt, it would definitely be red underneath? So I said, "Sure, it's a bet," but then your neighbor caught us and said, "I ain't gonna let no one shave my monkey's butt!" and we ran home laughing. For the rest of the summer that was our catch phrase. Remember how whenever we were out carousing, there was always one point where one of us would scream, "I ain't gonna let no one shave my monkey's butt!!!" and we'd laugh and laugh so hard that we'd have to get off our bikes just to catch our breath?? What do you think ever happened to that monkey? I bet he still eats Purina Monkey Chow and his butt is as red as ever
Your Friend,
Alison Hell

Alison, I didn't get a restraining order for no reason. **Keep the fuck away from me.** Oh yeah, why don't you take that monkey, light it, and then shove it in your ass, you donkey-raping shit-eater.

SABBATHON!

IS BACK ...

Sabbathon, SLUG's bi-annual fundraiser, coming August/September 2004, is a decade-old SLUG tradition, always held on the Sabbath.

LOCAL BANDS, turn in a one-song demo with your contact info to be considered to play Mail/drop off at: SLUG Magazine, 2225 S. 500 East Ste. 206, SLC, UT 84106

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- Friday ~ 11th - Localized
- Saturday ~ 12th - The Body
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- Thursday ~ 17th - Quadraphonic
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- Saturday ~ 19th - The Purr Bats, Fawn Fables
- Tuesday ~ 22nd - Baby Goat
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- Thursday ~ 24th - Six-Sided Box, Send No Flowers
- Friday ~ 25th - 3-D Arson & The Wolfs
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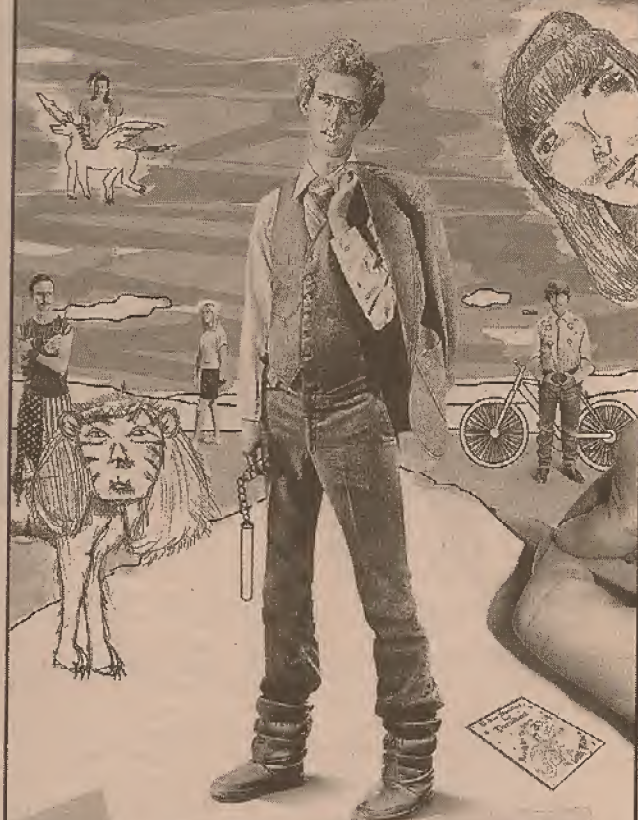
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Localized

By Camilla Taylor
camilla@slugmag.com

Localized is a monthly local band showcase the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge. This month's event features Coby Anderson, The Rubes and Callow.



Photos: Russell Daniels

The Rubes

Greg: Piano, Guitar, vocals
Scott: Lead Guitar, vocals
Tommy: Bass, vocals
Charlie: Caveskins, drum machines

I went to *Todd's* an hour after waking up to meet with the Rubes. These young men saw nothing strange with meeting at a bar at such an obscenely early hour and they proved this by downing at least one Coors each. Russell and I nursed our drowsiness with the abundance of coffee that was also to be found there and we proceeded with the subject at hand. That subject being that the Rubes play music. Really fun, really good music that you will be hard-pressed to find anyone else under 40 playing nowadays.

There is a Rubes Cocktail. It is 7-Up and Seagram's Seven Gin. This sounds like a beverage that I would probably only consume under duress, but the Rubes claim to be regular imbibers of said cocktail. The waitress arrives and 3/4 of the Rubes present order burgers, which they consume during the remainder of the interview.

The last time I saw the Rubes play, I was struck by the massive amounts of energy they possess and display. They act like oversized two-year-olds with guitars onstage and evidently, this is not unintentional. They say that even if they are in bad moods and exhausted, they still behave as though it were otherwise. The Rubes perform two to three times a month. I suspect there are few people who are capable of carrying on as they do that often.

Rock n' roll without the devil horns or the "aw" in "rock" is what they play, in the same spirit that once inspired Elvis Aaron Presley and Chuck Berry. Classic rock that predates Led Zeppelin; before rock was old enough to be classic anything. Just plain good American music. Leave the innovation up to the Europeans. Greg, the singer, orders another beer following this explanation and goes on to explain that he is sort of pushing the boundaries of his lunch break from the bank he works at.

"What we used to tell people is that we were a Chuck Berry cover band," Greg says. "It sort of evolved from there."

"Who would you tour with from the past if you could tour with anyone?" Russel asks.



Photos: Russell Daniels

"Little Richard. Who from the present? Who is current? ..." Scotty says. "We'd open for Madonna if we could. We'll play with anyone," Charlie finishes Scott's answer.

Often, they'll play and someone will tell them that they resemble someone who they don't resemble at all, like the Misfits. But they seem to be pleased that someone was entertained, even if they didn't understand their music at all. Entertaining is so important that Greg does standing back-flips onstage and rides around on a monkeybike. The antics are unrelated to the music, but they're worth listening to anyway.

Callow

Gared Moses: Guitar, Vocals
Brandon Jenkins: Drums
Tim Watson: Bass

Three hours after leaving the Rubes and *Todd's*, I return to the very same bar to speak with Callow. Our waitress from lunch greets us in the parking lot and comments on our newfound loyalty to *Todd's* before driving away.

Callow is made up of three young men who could be accurately described as sedentary rockers. They decline to stand for the photograph that Russel takes of them and when asked about their stage presence, they specify that Gared taps his foot on occasion but not very often. They don't want to, you know, overdo it or anything.

As soon as I take out my recorder, Brandon tells me that they don't work on him. His voice resonates at a frequency

which recorders of all varieties cannot detect. Later on, when I tried to transcribe the interview, I am shocked to find that he was right. Perhaps he was joking, but that suggestion alone destroyed the ability of that tiny machine to pick up anything but silence whenever Brandon spoke. But they as a whole don't speak much anyway. They perked right up as soon as the interview was over but for the duration of it, they seemed to view it as a necessary but unpleasant ordeal.

Gared was in *Bad Apple*, when *Bad Apple* still existed. Tim was in a band called Pete, and Brandon doesn't seem to recall being in any other bands at all. The trio appear as though they should be inexperienced, especially since Callow has only existed for a little over nine months, but they play their jagged, guitar-heavy, original, off-kilter indie music with the air and execution of seasoned musicians.

They disagree on music and they don't seem to really have an influence which they can all agree on. The three of them like beer and can easily come to the consensus that liking beer is, if not the very best, then certainly one of the major incentives of being in a band. All in all, they are one of those few but wonderful bands who describe their music as simply rock n' roll. And rock n' roll it is indeed.

Ego's

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JUNE

- 4 EGO TRIP
- 8 BRIAN JORDAN, STAR COLOR
OF KARL DENSON
- 11 PURDY MOUTH
- 12 **JW BLACKOUT, JACKASS,
SUN POETS**
- 15 ERIC MCFADDEN OF
PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIA
- 17 SPASM= DJ TERRENCE (RED BENNIES),
ELI (WOLFS)
- 18 **SPANKY VAN DYKE,
SIX SIDED BOX**
- 19 DJ KNUCKLES
- 20 **RICHMOND FONTAINE,
MOTHERLESS COWBOYS**
- 23 HOT BUTTERED RUM STRING BAND
- 25 **PUNK ROCK KARAOKE**
- 26 COSM
- 30 DEXTER GROVE

COMING SOON

- 2 DELLICATTO
- 3 JOSH TODD OF BUCKCHERRY
- 6 SIGNAL PATH
- 7 **MC5** FEATURING MARK ARM OF
MUDHONEY, EVAN DANDO OF THE
LEMONHEADS, WAYNE KRAMER
- 11 JESSE DAYTON
- 12 MOFRO
- 15 BASTARD SONS OF JOHNNY CASH
- 16 ALIEN CRIME SYNDICATE, MAGSTATIC
- 17 **PUNK ROCK KARAOKE**
- SOMETIME IN AUGUST...AC/DSHE

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- SAT. 5 - ELEPHANTE
- FRI. 11 - MURRIETA / LEGEND HAS IT
- SAT. 12 - FOIL KIT LAMPY / KEVIN
ALLRED
- THURS. 17 - LE FORCE / MAMMOTH
(MORGAN'S B-DAY)
- FRI. 18 - JUPASSA / COYOTE HOODS /
BEARD OF SOLITUDE
- SAT. 19 - AGAPE / EL TORO
- FRI. 25 - SLUG MAGAZINE
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W/ CHUBBY BUNNY / LE FORCE
- SAT. 26 - ALEHANDRO'S CAVERN /
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- FRI. JULY 2 - TOLCHOCK TRIO
- SAT JULY 3 - GLACIAL



-Salt Lake Underground-

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AARITILA...

By Dave Barratt
dave@slugmag.com

Hey thrashers, haven't heard much in the way of shows, other than Sweden's own **Skitsystem** will be playing Salt Lake in September. I should have more information by the time next month's **SLUG** comes out. And remember, if you're in a local hardcore punk band, send me your demo and I'll try to review it. Send them to the address at the front of the magazine, c/o Wasted Life.

SKEIFF D'BARGG

Jean Claude Van DEMO CD-R
The last time I remember punching a hole in the wall, I was 15 or 16. My mountain gorilla-sized dad, a stern and disciplined construction worker with a 140-pound weight advantage, had me in lockdown for bad grades or something stupid I'd done. **SKEIFF D'BARGG** sounds the way I felt. Or if you're too posh to have thrashed in your own dwelling, I would say that

SKEIFF D'BARGG sounds kinda like **CHAIN OF STRENGTH** with "One Voice" -era **AGNOSTIC FRONT** breakdowns, including the New York Hardcore-style backup vocals. It's perfect because NYHC bands of the era tended to play too slow with lots of drawn-out, boring breakdowns, while Southern California straight-edge bands of the time, like **INSTED** or **NO FOR AN ANSWER**, played much faster but could have used a few more breakdowns. So, **SKEIFF D'BARGG** play fast hardcore that smoothly transitions to poser-punching breakdowns and back to fast hardcore. **INSIGHT** would be proud. (No contact info, so I guess you'll have to see them live)

AARITILA...

Ja Kaikki KuitenkinPanttyy Kuolemaan! LP

For those of you who don't consume Swedish and Finnish hardcore like it's crack cocaine, in general, Swedish hardcore tends to sound darker and a little more "crust," and Finnish hardcore tends to sound slightly more influenced by rock n' roll and Oi! Of course, both countries have scathing, metallic crust bands AND anthemic

traditional hardcore punk bands. Despite their tendency to grow ass-length hair, Swedish and Finnish hardcore bands still sound 1000 times more punk than a roomful of mohawks in the US. **AARITILA** share members of Sweden's honored **TOTALITAR** and Finland's legendary **RIISTETTYT**, so this LP sounds like it was discovered on the hellish tundra of Scandinavia in about 1982. If you want the perfect Scandinavian hardcore record, you could search for an **APPENDIX LP** that will set you back more than \$400, or you could get this one for around \$10. **Honestly, this is one of the best hardcore punk records I've ever heard.**

(Hardcore Holocaust / PO Box 26742 / Richmond, VA / 23261-6742 / www.hardcoreholocaust.com)

KNIFE FIGHT

Burning Bridges 7"

Hardcore rules! Here's another one that makes me wonder how anyone can stand to listen to anything else. After I got my fill of famous hardcore like **SICK OF IT ALL** and **MINOR THREAT**, my insatiable appetite led me to forgotten 'core like **NEON**

CHRIST, **UNSEEN FORCE**, **LOCKJAW**, **PTL KLUB**, **DEAD-LINE**, **NO LABELS**, **THE ICONOCLAST**, **ATTITUDE**, **ADJUSTMENT**, **CHRIST ON A CRUTCH**, **AMERICA'S HARDCORE**, **LIFE SENTENCE** ... fuck, I could go on forever. The forgotten hardcore bands sound impossibly pissed and maladjusted compared to the famous ones, maybe because a lot of the forgotten ones never escaped their shitty towns. My point is that **KNIFE FIGHT** sound like one of the best forgotten hardcore bands from the 1980s, except they're from 2004. They are knuckle-dragging lurks who don't get out enough and get even angrier when they do, so they end up turning all their energy into musical rage, and I think I just described myself there, too. **KNIFE FIGHT** are so good at making ugly wasteland hardcore that you'll either love this the second you hear it, or think it's the most talented shit ever laid to wax. (My War Records / 36 Kings Cir. / Malvern, PA / 19355-2002 / www.mywarrecords.com)

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"I think
SIMPLICITY
is
THE KEY
TO GOOD ROCK N' ROLL."



Bloody Hollies Raise Bloody Hell By Rebecca Vernon rebecca@slugmag.com

The Bloody Hollies should have starred in a TV episode called *Private School Boys Gone Wild*. They give off an air of angry young uniformed wizard geniuses breaking out of the authoritarian Hogwarts at last. It might be the white shirts and skinny black ties; it might be the spectacles (2/3 of the band wear 'em). It could be the names: Wesley Doyle (guitar/harmonica/vocals), Phil Fredenberg (bass), Mike Argento (drums). Whatever it is, they've got the guts, fire and pure rebellion that surface best from underneath a thick film of conservatism—in short, those elements which make a true rock n' roll band.

Hailing from Buffalo, N.Y. (which Wesley, 27, repeatedly describes as "cold" and "snowy"), Bloody Hollies was the best show I saw at SXSW out of 30 bands. When they took the stage, the dim, honky-tonk *Jackalope* turned into a sweat-soaked blues frenzy that had the urgency of an ambulance careening along back-alley streets with a man on the brink inside. The groove interlock between the bass and drums fit together like a Rubick's Cube, yanking the crowd's collective gizzard in a four-stop swing while Wesley's acid howl and beefy guitar hooks scraped over top. When he climbed up on a speaker and balanced there precariously to deliver some scalding harmonica licks, he seemed about as natural and unassuming as a billy goat.

But even though the Bloody Hollies spew forth red-hot passionate stage antics, including Phil probably having to heat up a needle every night to extract splinters from his shredded back from sliding across dirty bar floors while brutalizing his bass, it's all delivered cool-as-a-cucumber, genuine. The Bloody Hollies' music, too, although virile, loud and in-your-face, is stripped down, earnest and devoid of showmanship.

"As time goes by, I find myself becoming less and less interested with guitar solos and screaming till one day, I'm gonna put out an album where every song is like a constant 'hummmmm,'" says Wesley, who is articulate, funny and soft-spoken in contrast to his onstage razor-sharp, furious voxbox acrobatics. "I think simplicity is the key to good rock n' roll, I really do."

He pauses to go chase down his mother's escaped Yorkshire terrier, who he's babysitting, after he sees neighbors running after it down the street.

Beyond simplicity, the Bloody Hollies seem to capture the feeling of another time... well, the 50s, to be exact. Some of it's the dress thing and the name, but mostly, it's the pulse and drive of the music. When you watch them, you're in an old warehouse, the anti-sock-hop is raging, and a couple gangs are about to have a rumble outside. The Bloody Hollies are able to do what so many 20th-century garage bands attempt and fail at: tap into a classic sound and energy, capture the root of what rock and roll is all about.

"Growing up, I listened to a lot of AC/DC, Zeppelin—I guess I'm stealing their answers to greatness," Wesley laughs. "Really, they got all their influences from

Delta blues and early American blues and I agree with a lot of fundamentals—Robert Johnson, Howling Wolf. It's pretty basic stuff, and I think the root of what's good about rock n' roll is the primitive attitude of it. I think as the years go by, the Bloody Hollies have actually been deconstructed to a point where it's like there's something at the middle that we're trying to get at."

Wesley formed the Bloody Hollies while he was heavily under the influence of the *Cramps* and "psychobilly stuff." Besides a brief fling as a drummer for like, five minutes in a side project, Bloody Hollies has been Wesley's main steady. He has been playing guitar since age 14 and is the primary songwriter for the band, although some collaboration and development occurs when Phil and Mike contribute their parts. The band has been around since 1999 in one form or another, and released their first full-length, *Fire at Will* (2003), on *Sympathy for the Record Industry* through friendships struck up with another *Sympathy* band, Mr. Airplane Man.

"The funny thing is, [*Sympathy*] was my favorite record label before we even knew that we were going to put a record out with them," says Wesley. "I was elated."

I tell the story of Angela and I catching Long Gone John, owner of *Sympathy*, in his bathrobe, haggard and bushy-haired, getting his paper while we were driving past his house in L.A. last month prepping for a meeting with him. He looked like he had just spent the last 20 hours doing tequila shots. He made eye contact, and Angela was mortified. "Keep driving!" she screamed. Wesley laughs uproariously.

Wesley grew up in a mainly Irish neighborhood in South Buffalo, and was pretty much an outsider growing up. While his jock neighbors were listening to Marky Mark, Wesley was supping at the table of the *Dead Milkmen* and early punk. He says his high school was better though, a diverse and arty downtown school, and compares it to *Fame*. There he got exposed to different kinds of music. He saw his first show at age 12: The Ramones with Debby Harry.

After high school, Wesley joined the Marines (really), the Air Force Reserves, went to college as a painting major with some graphic design, and currently, works for a website that designs party invitations.

Bloody Hollies hope to tour the West Coast during the summer, and I pressure him to play Salt Lake, of course. So come out, come out, wherever you are: "We feed off the crowd," says Wesley.

www.bloodyhollies.com

Exchanging Place, Exchanging Art

By J Thomas Burch, Esq. Justinthurch@hotmail.com

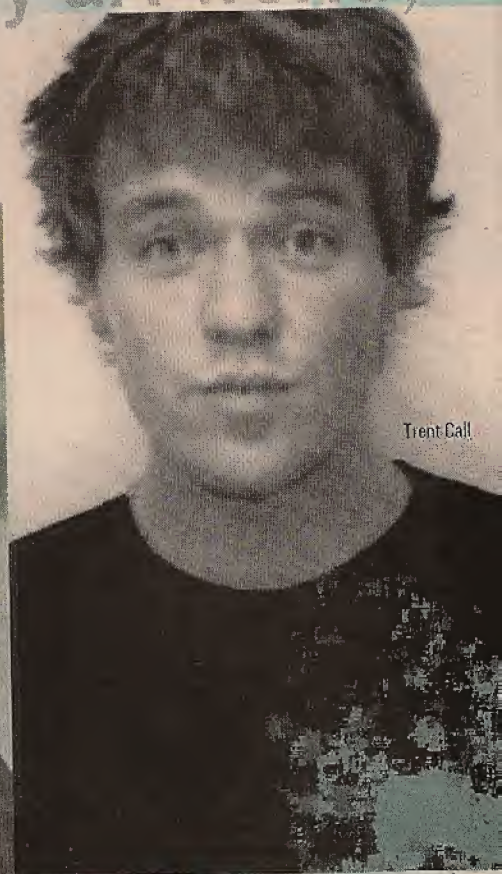
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Camilla Taylor



Russell Daniels



Trent Call

In the contemporary art world, there is typically quite a buzz when a reputable artist begins working in a new medium. When painters become involved in installation work, when sculptors exhibit their drawings, or when photographers tinker in the realm of conceptual sound and video, viewers and critics take notice.

Following in this spirit of artistic exploration, three local artists, each with remarkably different backgrounds and artistic methods, have organized the *Misplaced* print exchange and exhibition at Ken Sanders Used and Rare Books. Camilla Taylor, a printmaker at heart, Russell Daniels, a photographer with a penchant for rock n' roll documentation, and Trent Call, painter and creator of the popular *Swing* zine, have invited 20 artists (including themselves) to display and exchange pieces utilizing "traditional printmaking media."

The only stern guidelines for the participants are a required print run of 40 for their submitted piece of artwork and a reflection upon the exhibition's theme. Of the 40 prints, half will be assembled in portfolios and exchanged between the artists. The remaining prints will be available for purchase, either individually or as the collected portfolio, from Ken Sanders. As a well-known

supporter and collector of local art and oddities, Ken Sanders and his eclectic exhibition space lend quite a hand to legitimizing the artistic merits of this exhibition and the chosen medium. Regarding the art of printmaking, Camilla Taylor states that "it is highly respected amongst trained artists, but the layperson often still thinks that it entails making Xeroxed copies of posters."

Combating this perception yet playing nicely off of last year's theme of *Citizen*, *Misplaced* again asks artists to contemplate their niche in the current sociopolitical environment. The vagueness of the theme allows the artistic context to stretch far beyond the limits of the Salt Lake Valley (though the work is inherently rooted in the local environment) to broader national and global issues. Furthermore, much like the diversity present

in the organizers' previous work, Trent Call states that the show's participants range from "graffiti kids to professionals," each possessing markedly different degrees of artistic experience and training. This disparity of artistic "credibility" coupled with the various types of media backgrounds represented (i.e. photographers, painters, printmakers, hairstylists, etc.) creates a profound amalgamation of ideas and potential responses to the exhibition's loose concept. To some extent, this disparity makes the project more ideologically "complete."

Set to open on the **June 18th** **Gallery Stroll** and remain on view until July 2, *Misplaced* will undoubtedly provide any viewer, be they informed or naïve regarding the art of printmaking, an awareness of individualism's striking possibilities when fostered by a supportive environment of collectivity.

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ZineLand

By Stakerized

getstakerized@hotmail.com

A lot of zinesters use their chosen medium to reach out to their community, whether it's made up of artists, musicians, political activists or whatever niche they belong to. But Ihu Anyanwu has made *Repellent Magazine*, in three short issues, into an instrument of expanding an art community that has its critical mass in New York but stretches out across continents. He networks with people like the MUTEK (Music, Sound & New Technology) festival in Montreal and hosted *Repellent's* own festival in Brooklyn earlier this year. *Repellent* stays on the cutting edge by planning to add a blog and mp3s to their website later this year. And as with the best art zines, the mag itself is really a work of art to behold.

SLUG: How when & why did you start *Repellent Magazine*?

Ihu Anyanwu: I started working on the idea of a zine in 2000, but the first issue wasn't published until 2001. There is a surplus of ideas that needed to get out there but had no place in the formal magazine context—probably considered unpublishable. The name "Repellent" came to me when I was living in Paris right after college. I worked in an art squat as a photographer and felt anger towards the "system," so deemed my next project "Repellent." When you are young, you think you can change the system with your anger. Now, the goal is different and the name is irrelevant.

SLUG: How is *Repellent* different from other zines?

IA: I think that the term "zines" is evolving. When I was growing up, a zine was photocopied and stapled. In this case, the zines emerging today take what they want from this model and also from the magazine format and make a kind of fusion. We are



making our own interpretation of a "zine" and that, too, is evolving. While our audience and friends grow beyond our immediate environs, we understand that there are similar people into similar things and we want to communicate with them.

SLUG: What topics or approaches to topics do you take that others don't?

IA: The number one goal is to provide projects and themes that are challenging to us, the participating artists, and therefore the audience. Another important goal is to be accessible. For example, "Heraldic Pump" was a theme that everybody could understand because it's so embedded in tradition.

SLUG: How has your zine changed over the years?

IA: At the beginning, it was like untying a knot, trying to figure out the core. Now, with Issue #3, we are going towards themed issues. This makes each issue a new adventure and educational process. We have an in-house designer now, and do a lot of research on artistic/graphic direction. The writers are getting better, and we are attracting some experienced folks who add a solid edge.

SLUG: What are the hardest/most fun things about running the zine?

IA: The hardest thing about running a zine is the business part. Someone said, "A zine is a magazine before they get advertising." I don't agree. You can still be a zine, do unique things and find an audience and that's what advertisers care about—that you have an audience. The difficult part is building the business required for sustaining such a project. The most fun thing is, actually coming up with the ideas, working on the projects and the artwork.

Freestyle Exp.

SLUG: How do you do music/art review differently from other zines? Discuss some of your projects and events. How do they tie in with the content of the magazine?

IA: We review all genres and are not stuck on reviewing material that is hot at the moment; we do it more as recommendations for readers. One of our projects is Style Sports, where we invited six fashion designers to have a go at it making clothes within an hour using constrained materials. It was like *Iron Chef* for fashion, only we get to choose the ingredients. "Heraldic Pump" was the theme of issue #3—we tried to infuse this in everything that we did. During the *Repellent Festival*, we had an art show based on the theme, and during a huge party at a space called *Volume* in Brooklyn, we decorated the venue (10,000 sq. ft.) based on the theme and called it a *Heraldic Pump Art Lodge*.

SLUG: What are some recent features you are excited about?

IA: I was excited and proud by the opportunity to do interviews with *State of Sabotage*, *Alain Mongeau* from *Mutek*, *Kenzo Minami* and also *Raf Simons*—all in the last issue. I also love all the artwork in the gallery.

SLUG: What future plans do you have for *Repellent*?

IA: To keep things moving, to get better at what we are doing. But in the meantime, we look forward to *Repellent #4* fall 2004!
www.repellentzine.com

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MODUS OPERANDI

by oneamysseven oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

June is the most exciting month for the Salt Lake Goth/Industrial crowd because of the **Dark Arts Festival**. June 25, 26 and 27 are the days to mark on your calendar for bands like **Cesium 137**, **The Azoic**, **The Strand** and **Machinegun Symphony**. In addition to these bands and many more local artists, there will be other events going on like the fashion show, art gallery, poetry readings and performance art. All events are at **Area 51**. For more details visit: www.darkartsfestival.com.

If those three days aren't enough, you'll be happy to know you can immerse yourself in some old and new industrial with **Sister Machine Gun**, **Christ Analogue** and **Manufactura** playing at **The Urban Lounge** on Wed., June 23. **The Domination Tour** is hitting over 50 US dates and will blow you away with multimedia projections, DJs and more.

Skinny Puppy
The Greatest Wrong of the Right

SPV
4/5

It was always assumed that when **Dwayne Goettel** died in 1995, that **Skinny Puppy**, the biggest name in industrial music, was officially over. When word got out that **Skinny Puppy** would be releasing a new album, fans were not sure what to make of this, uh, reunion. The idea of a new **Skinny Puppy** album just seems absurd and I can't get the idea out of my head that this is more or less a collaboration of **Key**, **Ogre** and **Mark Walk**. *The Greatest Wrong of the Right* begins with "Immortal," a guitar-grinder track that reminds me that I don't totally hate guitars—at least, not when these boys play them. Like most of the album, a retro, early-industrial feel is underlying, but especially on "Ghostman." "Goneja" is one of my favorites, with **Ogre's** vocal tirade and beautifully stripped-down melodies. Several guest appearances are featured throughout the 10 tracks, including vocals and programming from **Wayne Static** of **Static X** as well as acoustic drum provided by **Tool's** **Danny Carey**. In traditional **Skinny Puppy** fashion, **Steven Gilmore** gives us colorful and weird artwork collaged with worms, body parts, surgical instruments and a piece of meat. I adore the photo of **Ogre** and **Key** pressed against some glass with blood on their mouths. With *The Greatest Wrong of the Right*, it seems that all the pieces of a would-be **Skinny Puppy** album are there, but listening to it feels more like the third album of **Ogre**, although it truly is a nice follow-up to *The Process*. *The Greatest Wrong of the Right* is a wonderful album—my only qualm is that **Skinny Puppy** is a name, a mood or an era that is damn near impossible to successfully recapture.

Cesium 137
Elemental Metropolis
4/5

This duo is going to be here for **The Dark Arts Festival**, and I couldn't be more excited. *Elemental* is the first full-length album for **Cesium 137**. When I first put this into my computer to listen to, I thought I had mistakenly put in the new **And One**. It ranks up there with that same energetic synthpop and EBM-dance of **Covenant**, **Seabound** and **Icon of Coil**. It's catchy, polished and will prove to be a show not to be missed.

Throbbing Gristle
The Taste of TG: A Beginner's Guide to the Music of Throbbing Gristle

Mute
4/5

This is where industrial music started. In 1977, **Throbbing Gristle** started the **Industrial Records** label and later, musician **Monte Cazazza** tagged the label with the line, "Industrial Music for Industrial People." It's funny to listen to this music—a collection of **Throbbing Gristle** favorites from their short existence from 1975-1981—and think the genre name stems from here. By today's standards, "experimental" would be a more fitting genre to tag onto this British foursome. The members of **Throbbing Gristle** are probably better known for their projects after the split, such as **Peter Christopherson** with **Coil**, **Genesis P-Orridge** with **Psychic TV**, **Chris Carter** and **Cosey Fanni Tutti** with **Chris and Cosey**. **Throbbing Gristle** wasn't ever actually considered a band. They were anti-commercialism, anti-corporate activists who promoted many causes, including gay rights. Perhaps more of a performance art group, when onstage **Throbbing Gristle** never played the same set twice and encouraged audience members to record and bootleg their sets. It has even been noted that the band used to add some flavor to their performances with subsonic and ultrasonic frequencies made by old military equipment. **Chris Carter** comments, "You can make people vomit with certain frequencies." Serious thought was put behind each of the songs depicting how political, opinionated and artistic on *The Taste of TG*. They were about statements and experiments rather than the music—fairly opposite of today's industrial bands. "Zyklon B Zombie," the name of the chemical used in Nazi death chambers, was recorded to sound like it was being broadcast through a haze of gas. This music isn't easy to listen to, but is worth your time to try to understand what these industrial founders were about and how devoted they were to make something important happen with their music.

M2
Aswad
Ant Zen
5/5

On his last album, *War of Sound*, **Squaremeter** abandoned the stagnant, hollow clicks and bleeps that once created his signature sound and replaced them with mesmerizing, rhythm-oriented ambience. *War of Sound* created a story with waves, peaking and falling—now **Aswad** follows this trend, shifting focus to an Arabic influence. It is said that **Squaremeter's** **Mathis Mootz** recently discovered **Lustmord**, was blown away by it and used that as his primary influence on this hypnotic release. The name **Muslimgauze** is another artist that comes to mind when listening to the ethnic chanting and tribal beats of **Aswad**. I am constantly impressed with how **M2** has taken the next step on each of his releases to not only repeat what he does so well, but to reinvent himself with new techniques and ideas.

GLITTER GUTTER TRASH-

Come June 25-27, you might find yourself scattering for shade as the summer kicks into full intensity and our favorite subversives are providing the perfect escape as they take over Area 51 to throw this year's Dark Arts Festival. Headliner slots this time around are being filled by the longstanding and highly regarded acts **Human Drama** and **The Last Dance**. Unlike his last performance at Dark Arts, **Johnny Indovina** will be bringing the full band on what very well could be the band's final show

ever, which in itself is more than enough reason to stay up late on a Sunday night. Dark Arts' alum and friend **Clint Catalyst** promises a return with a slew of performance artists. As always, there is a heavy emphasis on what is going on locally and Utah acts scheduled to perform include **Domiana**, **Tragic Black**, **Redemption**, **Violet Run**, **Mona** and **DulceSky**, along with a gallery featuring art from local artists. More information can be found at www.darkarts.com

Aveo Battery Barsuk

Hailing from Seattle, Aveo pull bits of British pop à la The Smiths (keeping the often-forgotten up-tempo elements that most second-generation Smith-a-likes seem to miss) and the jangle pop from days when college radio was king of the indie-pop scene and Morrissey was a comeback the first time around. Masterfully produced by Phil Ek, whose credits also include current darlings Modest Mouse, Battery is a delicious reminder that "pop" doesn't have to be a dirty word and "indie" doesn't have to be self-serving. Aveo are definitely the welcomed surprise of the month.



Brian Eno Curiosities Volume I www.enoshop.com

It seems odd that I am compelled to introduce Brian Eno when no introduction should be necessary. Having a resumé that boasts stints in or producing **Roxy Music**, **Luciano Pavarotti**, **Michael Brook**, **James**, **David Bowie** and **U2**, he's captured the appreciation of many a music geek. Did I happen to mention he has been one of the most influential and experimental composers in music history, carefully crafting a string of ambient albums for over 30 years? *Curiosities* is a collection of songs that haven't fit onto proper albums and were destined for obscurity and rumor until studio assistant **Marlon Weyeneth** pulled them off the shelves and dusted them off. Generally speaking, Eno's albums work best when taken as a whole, often pulling on different styles from album to album, which could make for a rather uneven compilation. Thankfully, *Curiosities* is more of a showcase of moods, from hypnotic **Philip Glass**-esque motifs to elements of world beats and harsher textures. An absolute must for anyone interested in electronic music.

The One AM Radio A Name Writ In Water Level Plane

On *A Name Writ In Water*, **Hrishikesh Hirway** and a handful of friends attempt to blur the line between bedroom electronica and sensitive neo-folksy singer/songwriters. Instead, we get another melancholy album with cinematic strums of acoustic guitars, soft and sweet geek-pop vocals, violins and the occasional breakbeat just to keep you from drifting too far into a daze. A dreamy, disconnected, pretty and heartfelt time, to be sure, but in the end, it's just a sugarcoated boring.

Soulo Man, the Manipulator Plug Research

At one moment, you find yourself listening to a rather straightforward drum track with a bouncy, jazzy bass line while the other instruments push off into chaos. The next, you're delving into glitch-hop with trumpet and keys (they are labelmates with **Dntel**, after all). Moments later, you're skimming along over drones and whispered vocals collapsing in waves against the shore. Perhaps this is what **Air** might sound like if they slept with **Sigur Rós** and weren't so busy being French.

Halloween, Alaska Halloween, Alaska Princess

This four-piece from Minnesota take the varying starkness of **Red House Painters**, **Low** and **Postal Service** and swirl them together underneath vocals that sit just above warm. Sometimes the melancholy and stillness of the vocals work beautifully; sometimes it just lingers in the air like a voice describing an event it has no emotional involvement with. Therein resides the problem, for I've cheered for the heroes and villains, but I don't recall ever rooting for the narrator. **Halloween, Alaska** is a fantastic place to visit; I just want something alive to hang my hat on or perhaps a place with a little more heart on its sleeve.

Petracovich Blue Cotton Skin Red Buttons

Blue Cotton Skin is very reminiscent of **Lisa Germano's** *Lullaby for Liquid Pig*, which was one of the finest albums to be released last year. While *Blue Cotton Skin* may not show the emotional variation of *Lullaby for Liquid Pig*, it does evidence **Jessica Peters'** talent and ability to write intelligent lyrics wrapped in simple electronic arrangements with dashes of guitar, piano and drums. There is also a sense of wistful nostalgia in her arrangements that nod towards the **David Lynch**-produced collaborations between **Julce Cruise** and composer **Angelo Badalamenti**.

Headphones

by Nick James

June 2004

Summer is here, which means some of the hottest tracks of the year and many warm club nights have come in-tow. Last month, my top two favorite DJs, Brian Tappert and Grant Nelson, graced SLC with their presence. With wicked performances in June, it seems as if we are going to continue to experience a great season of music and clubbing.

June Shows: Bobby & Steve, June 5; Benji Candelario, June 19; Aquasky, June 13, all at the W Lounge.

Play List May/June:

1. Diva 2 Dva, "Didu't I Bring You Love."

Morehouse

2. Syke n' Sugarstarr, "Release Your Mind," *Suing City*

3. Tom Giannelli, "Like I Love You," *Soul*

Purpose

4. Bobby Blanco/Miki Moto, "3am," *Defected*

5. Havana Funk, "Bakiri Ban," *Defected*

6. Deepswing, "Get Ready," *Generate*

7. Knee Deep, "Peter North EP," *Knee Deep*

8. Mister O, "Anything and Everything,"

Look At You

9. Roy Ayers, "Sugar," *BBE*

10. United Souls, "Paradise," *Duff Note*

Treena Rose

"Tell Me All About It"

Jellybean Soul

Hands down one of the best tracks ever to be released on *Jellybean Soul*, "Tell Me All About It" is the essence of soul and summer. Produced by George Mena and Frankie Estevez, this profound production is a cover of Michael Frank's jazz track, which was previously performed by Natalie Cole. It's a mellow and cool groove combination of piano, trumpet, organic bass and the sexy vocals of Australian Treena Rose. Including a main vocal, instrumental (trumpet melody), "after dark dub" and a "treena-pella," it's an all-around pleasure.

www.jellybeanrecordings.com
www.treenarose.com

M.O.D.

"Notion EP"

deVice Records

Following up "Guero Na Ma" (hit them drums), this newest release on *deVice Records* is a sign that this label knows quality. Juan Sunshine and Staf make up M.O.D. (Masters of Disaster), and the "Notion EP" is the 6th release from *deVice*. Groovy and soulful, it includes the sexy French spoken track, "Dance Avec Moi" ("Dance With

Me"). On the flip side, we have "Just A Groove," with the keys being the focus. Includes DJ tools: "danceapella" and "dance beats." www.dvice-records.com

S.U.M.O./One51

"Supra Sumo"/"Si Weka"

Soulfuric Records

Two wicked tracks from *Soulfuric*—the Latin hitters of the summer! Once again, the label proves they can do no wrong. First we have One51 with "Si Weka." Produced by Richard Earnshaw (*Duffnote*) and Danny Jones, in an African and Earnshaw vibe, it's flutes, bass, keys and a bumpin' journey. "Free Your Mind and Soul," are the English part of the spoken verses, besides the calm and mellow African verses. Second, hot off the press, this latest release from *Soulfuric* is the follow-up from *Audiowhores'* "Nekoosa" and *Copyright's* "Bulo." A perfect blend of afro, Latin and jazz, this prime-timer will move your ass. With vocals, funky guitar and horns, "Supra Sumo" is SUMO's first release off the *Soulfuric* label. Includes two mixes and DJ tools. www.soulfuric.com



Pray for More feat Latasha Jordan

"Breaking Away"

Con Brio Records

From Paul Farris's label *Con Brio*, we have the second release to be added to our playlist. Produced by Austrian-born Roland Bardia (a.k.a. DJ Velasquez) and having Celine Dion's backing vocalist, Latasha Jordan, on vox, this soulful/disco pleasure is right up the alley of the Groove Junkies. With classic strings, popular disco samples, Jocelyn Brown-esque diva vocals and funky bass lines, this late June release will be charted by many of us midwestern DJs. Also, ATFC (*onephatdeeva*) has been called in on the remix duties for dirtier and darker anthem sound.

www.conbriosounds.com
www.paulfarris.com



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GALLERY STROLL



by **Mariah Mann**

The Official Gallery Stroll is held on the third Friday of every month from 6p.m. to 9p.m. and is meant to encourage us working folk (the nine to fivers) to get out and stroll through the art galleries of Salt Lake City. Gallery Stroll will be held **June 18**, but is not the only night you can attend art openings. June marks the beginning of vacations and hectic family plans, so this month I have included shows that open outside of the regular Gallery Stroll evening.

For a special treat, the **Salt Lake Arts Center** is pleased to bring you the most recent works of **Misha Gordin**. Gordin has been working with conceptual photography since 1972. His work now spans generations. Recent covers include *B&W Magazine* and *The Magazine of Santa Fe*. His amazingly poetic conceptual photographs will blow your mind! Misha paints a picture with his camera reminiscent of a **Salvador Dali** painting and takes the viewer to a different world. The exhibit opens May 28 and runs through August 1, so there is no reason not to stop by! The opening reception will be held June 25 from 6-9p.m. and an art discussion will take place with Gordin on Wed., July 28, at 7p.m. Admission is free to the public. The Salt Lake Arts Center is located at 20 S. West Temple. For more info go to www.slartcenter.org

Irwin Union Bank is please to announce a visual art group show featuring local artists in an exhibit titled *The Fine Art of Banking*. This show is being held to benefit the local art community and proceeds will be donated to **Artspace Inc.** for their continued support to local art. The show will run from Monday June 14 to Sat., June 19. The public is invited to an artist reception on June 18 in correlation with the monthly Gallery Stroll from 6-9p.m.

The Greenhouse Effect is offering some splendid artwork along with their coffee these days. Curator **Justin Burch** is pleased to display *The Ballad of Professor Willem J. Koff*, which includes paintings and drawings by **Michael Steffen**. Steffen is a recent graduate of the University of Utah Art Department. Sketches, drawings and acrylic on panel pieces explore Steffen's art training and provide a pleasant experience for the coffee/art connoisseur. **The Greenhouse Effect** is located at 3231 S. 900 East. The exhibit will hang through July 14.

Finch Lane (a.k.a. *The Art Barn*) is always a splendid place to see an art show. The little blue farmhouse in reservoir park at 1325 E. 100 South has more than American landscapes to offer. This month you will find the acrylic and latex paintings of **Jimmy Lucero** and the collaborative work of **Teresa Jordan** and **Cretchen Reynolds**. This show opens June 4 with an opening reception that evening from 6-8p.m. The exhibit continues through July 23. Shows are always free and open to the public. Regular gallery hours are from Mon.-Fri. from 9a.m. to 5p.m.

If you have an upcoming art show and would like to submit a press release, you can contact me at mariahm@worldstrides.com

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The World of DJs and the Turntable Culture

By **Foggy Squigmer**

Hal Leonard

www.halleonard.com

As today's pop culture becomes more diverse, exposure to the "underground" communities are becoming easier-to-immense oneself in. From hip-hop to dance music, the turntable culture has been ever-expanding and is now considered a primary influence on the social politics of our time. *The World of DJs and the Turntable Culture* shows directly how disk jockeys (better known as a "DJs") have enhanced the social behavior and favorite pastimes of the world. Though the book is limiting in the DJ interview chapters (and a bit cheesy within that), it features interviews with DJ **Qbert**, **Armand van Helden** and **Rob Swift**, to name a few. The overall theme of the book is informative and demonstrates the author's interest in the history and autonomy of the turntable. In conclusion, if you're new to DJ-ing and need a step-by-step guide on how to DJ, or are looking for information regarding the history of the turntable, this book is an unpretentious view into the DJ universe. —**Nick James**



Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs

by **Chuck Klosterman**

Scribner Press

www.simonandschuster.com

Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs is a self-proclaimed "Low Culture Manifesto" that philosophically straddles the line between the tongue and the cheek to eventually explain how nothing in the universe is never "in and of itself." Klosterman does this by breaking down the archetypal conflict between the Lakers and the Celtics in the 1980s and showing how that rivalry represents every conflict in the world, comparing and contrasting **Pamela Anderson** and **Marilyn Monroe** to show that (in a cultural context) they are the same exact person and lamenting his discovery that MTV has turned the real world into *The Real World*. His wit and charm are unrelenting, although when I realized the ungodly amount of time he must spend thinking about useless shit (I suppose he does prove, rhetorically at least, that all of what he explains matters, come on, essays about *Slaved by the Bell* and exactly why **Billy Joel** is "great" but not "cool"), he becomes somewhat less profound. This is definitely a "guy's book," but that doesn't mean that it is unreadable by females; in fact, it may prove an interesting insight into the sort of "über-nerdy but cool because I'm clever and hip" person that Klosterman represents. If nothing else, if you were to study this book and take what you learned to any party, you'd automatically be the most interesting person there. —**Nate Martin**



Ogner Stump's One Thousand Sorrows

By **A. Goldfarb**

Wonderella Printed

www.wonderella.com, www.ognerstump.com

If **Robert Smith** were tall, skinny and about 10 times weirder while still retaining his charm (made more charming by his awkward modesty), he would be **Ogner Stump**. This graphic novel—short, more like a graphic novella, really—hits upon the complex gothic morbidity of classic artists of disturbance **Edward Gorey**, **Mark Ryden**, **Cosmic Debris** (creators of *Emily the Strange*), and hell, even **Crispin Glover**, but **A. Goldfarb** brings his own unique, eccentric and modernized style to the table. Black-and-white pen-and-ink drawings that often have the detail of a lithograph put Ogner through the horrors of "elephantiasis," government-speak, cubicle hell, ennui, bad haircuts, gravity, triangles ("too pointy"), candy corn and Switzerland, to name a few of the first 25 sorrows he encounters. Ogner endures it all with saint-like patience, barely complaining at the horrible injustices and meaninglessness he encounters. He is unemployed and perpetually broke—the perfect anti-hero. Witty, jagged, poetic, and, at times, insane and demented dialogue is woven together with all the intricacy of **Belgium lace**. There are also several more comic series at the back, some of Goldfarb's older stuff, all beautifully illustrated, all screaming to be distributed at **Hot Topic**, all incredibly original, and all quite brilliant. —**Rebecca Vernon**



ZEPHYRA by Astara

If you have attended any belly dance events in Salt Lake lately, you might have noticed a gorgeous blonde gracing the stage. Of Finnish descent, Zephyra is tall, statuesque, graceful and refreshing. I first noticed Zephyra at Thia's Open Dance night at Grecian Gardens, and she was hard to ignore. Zephyra brings a regal presence to the stage and a natural beauty and style that can't be forgotten.

Zephyra moved to Salt Lake City from San Diego 12 years ago. She has a "smorgasbord" of dance training, including salsa, hip-hop, jazz, modern and folk dancing. Totally crippled at the age of three with rheumatoid arthritis, the doctors told her mother that there was nothing they could do for her. Zephyra's mother, a believer in natural and holistic medicine, took her back to Finland for treatments that included eating raw vegetables, ice wraps on her legs, strength training, and much love and encouragement. Because of this radical treatment, Zephyra was able to eventually walk without crutches and participate in sports and other activities throughout high school. To this day, she maintains her regimen of no sugar and strength training.

Her interest in Middle Eastern Dance began in 1997, when she heard a radio show about belly dancing and decided to go and watch a performance. She was mesmerized by the sensuality and femininity of the dance. She immediately started studying with Thia Kapos, of Belly Dancing by Thia, and later, with Midnight Mirage. As a member of the Midnight Mirage Dance Company, Zephyra traveled and danced extensively around the United States. She is the second runner-up for Egyptian Belly Dancer of the Universe for 2003 and 2004.

She will be competing for Entertainer of the Year at the Wiggles of the West competition this summer.

"Belly dancing is perceived as a burlesque type of dance, which it isn't," explains Zephyra. "It isn't easy. Well-trained, good dancers make it look easy. The movements are internal and external, and if you are not used to using those muscles, it is a unique feeling. The dance can be skeletal and muscular. In the beginning, the dancer's movements are skeletal and big. As you progress, the dance becomes more muscular and more internal.

The art of belly dancing takes a long time. You won't learn the technique in six weeks!"

"Belly dancing is perceived as a burlesque type of dance, which it isn't."

Zephyra has studied with Fahtiem, Margo Abdo O'dell, Sohaila, Suzanna del Vecchio, Jamileh al Wahid, and Jillina, her favorite. She loves Egyptian Cabaret, but wants to try all types of belly dance and techniques in order to develop her own style of dance. Her signature prop these days is a giant ostrich feather fan, which is rather impressive to watch.

Currently a member of Troupe Amara, Zephyra will be teaching a beginning belly dance class for Midnight Mirage School of Dance, and she is returning to the Midnight Mirage Dance Company this fall. Zephyra will be performing in many of the venues around the Wasatch Front this summer. Watch for her. You won't be disappointed!



Photo: Sean Douglass

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Somewhat Gone

is Joey Perea (vocals), Trent Jacobi (bass), Matt Perea (drums), and Parrish Jacobson (guitar). Magna natives, they boast of being raised on contaminated, baby-deforming rust-colored water. All self-taught and underage musicians, the entire band is still stuck in Magna. "Drugs and sex is all that goes on at Cyprus High, but not all of us are still in high school. The main thing that sucks about Magna is that you have to get up a half an hour early to go to work," says Matt. Despite the town's drawbacks, they said that there is a decent all-ages venue to play in Magna called *The Xip Code*.

"We like playing in Ogden at *The Seventh Street Skate Rink*. They pay us a lot and the crowds are unreal," Joey says. "We played a battle of the bands at Weber State University recently. It was a joke. It was run by a sorority or fraternity. They asked us to cut down on the screaming. I think we got disqualified." Somewhat Gone, a self-proclaimed screamo band, expresses their love for the Salt Lake music scene by saying, "Salt Lake's crowds are so much more hardcore."

Last winter, the band experienced the joys of winter driving. "We were going to play in Denver and we hit a real bad snowstorm. We never thought to stop and pull over," says Joey. Their Bronco began to swerve and slide. "Once it tipped on two wheels, the trailer fish-tailed and took the Bronco

"Salt Lake's crowds are so much more hardcore."



By Gared Moses

with it. Then the trailer flew off the Bronco and tumbled away." Luckily, no one was injured and the equipment was only scraped up. "Matt cried," they added.

After our lengthy discussion, I came to the opinion that none of the members of Somewhat Gone have been mentally or physically affected by the infamous Magna water ... yet. Nor have they grown third eyes or humped backs from the effects of Kennecott. These four young boys are pretty down to earth. I saw them play last month and have heard their four-song EP. They are impressive both on stage and in stereo.

If you'd like to see for yourself, check them out at www.somewhatgone.com. Watch them perform live on Friday, July 9 at *The Seventh Street Skate Rink* in Ogden or you can catch them on Tuesday, July 13 at Salt Lake's Kilby Court.

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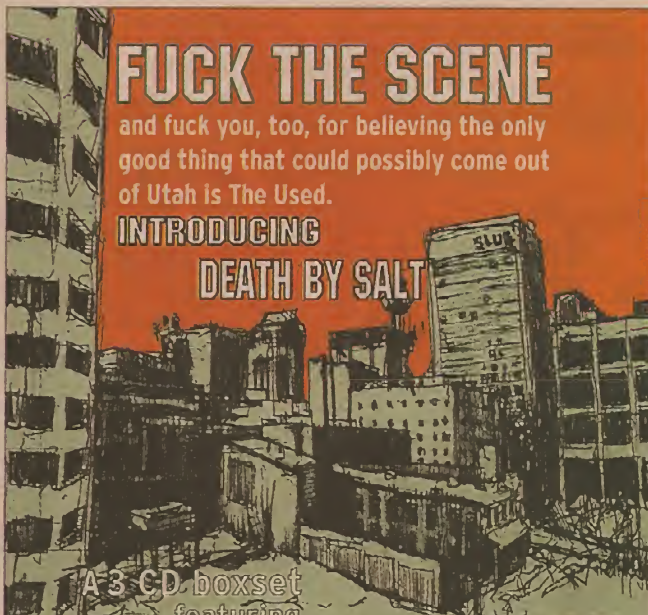


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A Preview of

Transcendence

By Camilla Taylor

Lincoln Lynsayer and David Ruhlman waited for me on the small staircase leading up to David's tidy little attic apartment. The two of them will be participating in a group show at the Salt Lake Arts Center that will be opening on June 25.

"How many pieces will you each have in the show?" I ask.

"I guess the series that I have could be considered one piece or 12 pieces, then I have 10 more pieces. So I will have 22, and we have 20-ish collaborative paintings, and then Lincoln has eight or nine pieces," David responds.

David's many paintings that are in his apartment have a sort of nouveau folk art feel to them. They are populated with brightly colored gouache painted plants, children

and animals on a subtly textured black field. The children have kittenish, expressionless faces and wear the traditional clothing of an undisclosed Eastern European country.



photo: Kybur

Their feet are truncated or submerged in the mud of the painting. Accompanying the children are animal-headed beings in similar garb, most recognizable amongst them being a recurring kitten and a honey-guide. The honey-guide is a bird which eats honey and is notable because if you follow it, it will lead you to where the honey is at. Peapods are lined up in tidy rows and a mandrake hangs ominously at various points throughout. The entirety borders on the self-consciously outsider artist without being outsider.

Their collaborative work is typified by collage. They would do a series of drawings, hundreds of them, on pages from old novels, and outdated newspapers. They'd do so many drawings in a row that they would start to lose those barriers that you set up for yourself. Their self-criticism would get subverted eventually. The drawings would be torn up and collaged onto board. The example of this approach that I was shown represented about 40 drawings. They wouldn't treat the individual little drawings as sacred; some of the creatures in a painting would have a body or an arm or a head drawn by David and then the corresponding parts from a drawing of Lincoln's.

"We're really lucky in that we've never gotten into a fight or an argument over a collaborative piece," Lincoln explains. The styles of two are rather complementary, but it does take especially compatible artists to be able to work

together so well. There are four paintings that were done entirely in the dark. They would turn off the light and start drawing together on a board with the understanding that as soon as the light came on, they wouldn't be able to change it or discuss it. The dark drawings are examples of how loose and unprejudiced they are towards mediums and techniques. One painting, Lincoln tells me, has detergent on it. An aspect of the piece was unsatisfactory so one of the two artists decided to scrub it off of the board. The scrubbing and the soap left an interesting texture which was left.

Lincoln and David are thrilled by what they do. The feeling that it seems to give them is like opening a package you didn't expect to get in pre-anthrax days. The work has a corresponding childish delight to it with an ironic and self-conscious adult edge to it.



photo: Kybur

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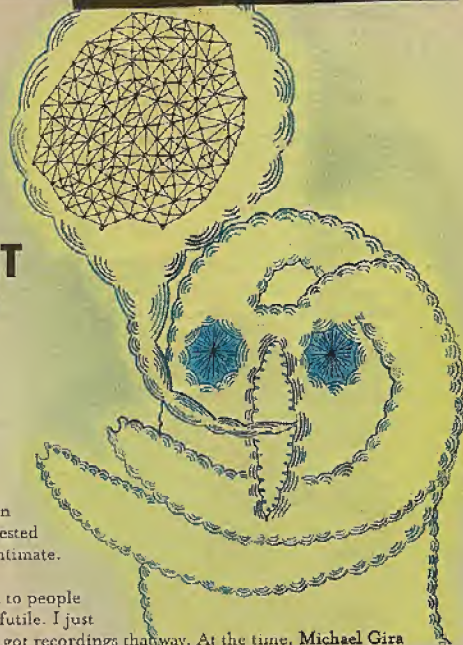
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a CONVERSATION with DEVENDRA BANHART

by Lincoln Lysager



Enthusiasm for music is contagious. Devendra Banhart is out to infect all with a refreshing case of mellifluous mania. The young troubadour is driving through the botanical gardens of Golden Gate State Park when I telephone. It is several days after the release of *Rejoicing in The Hands*, and critical acclaim is on the rise. Commenting on the "righteous" sights around him, he sounds unruffled by his growing success; he is pretty humble, in fact. Perhaps this has something to do with his upbringing.

Devendra spent most of his childhood in the Venezuelan city of Caracas, where "the indigenous instrument" is the cuatro, a four-stringed guitar.

"I used to play those and my cousin would play and we'd make up our own little songs to the family. 'Dinner at Grandma's,' 'Lunch at Uncle's,' 'Breakfast at Aunties.' We started writing songs in relation to what we knew. 'Our brother gets bitten by a dog, Marguerite gets bitten on the toe by a parrot because she didn't cut her toenail ... The moral of the story is to cut your toenails ... don't curse at your Mom or a horn will grow on your head.'"

Venezuelan family relations in their complex variations are a source Devendra continues to draw upon. In fact, his latest labor is the parent to a follow-up due this fall. Both albums were recorded over 12 days and are thematically interconnected. "The idea is *Rejoicing in The Hands (of the Golden Empress)* is the mother and *Nino Rojo* is the son.

Lyrically, it's reflected in the songs, and also musically. There's actually more instrumentation on *Nino Rojo*. The Golden Empress is literally the sun and *nino rojo* means red son, so it's like mother and child."

Devendra's first album, *Oh Me Oh My...*, was an anthology of material originally intended "for friends and family only."

With its release in 2002, listeners were privy to a private world of musical missals and musings.

It is a powerful reminder of what one person can do with their voice, an acoustic guitar and the most rudimentary recording tools. It could have gone unnoticed were it not for the quality of songwriting and a voice that is one of the most idiosyncratic and honest vessels of emotion around. Where some people set about recording demos they refine later, the 22 songs gathered for this release were the sorts of artifacts usually reserved for posthumous delectation of an artist's work.

I asked him how he felt when approached by people interested in releasing something so intimate.

"I hadn't sent my music out to people cause it seemed completely futile. I just played shows ... and people got recordings that way. At the time, Michael Gira [father of *Young God Records*, *Swans* and *Angels of Light*] asked me to be on the label. There were maybe five other labels that asked. Michael wrote this really beautiful letter and *How I Loved You* [Angels of Light] was such a beautiful record that I was happy to be part of the family."

Another important development for Devendra is his involvement with Andy Cabic's band, *Vetiver*, who have just released their first eponymous album.

"*Vetiver* is my favorite band and Andy is my favorite songwriter, but actually the only person that I can write songs with. It's exciting because we actually get somewhere." I comment on what seems to be an almost telepathic understanding of each other's abilities and Devendra is quick to concur. "Definitely, I start playing a chord and he knows what the next chord is. We just start going down the same path."

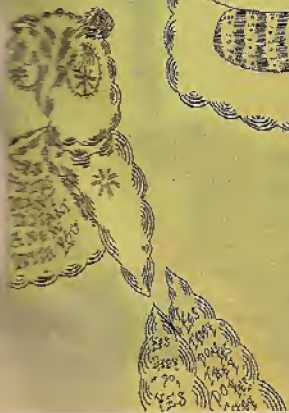
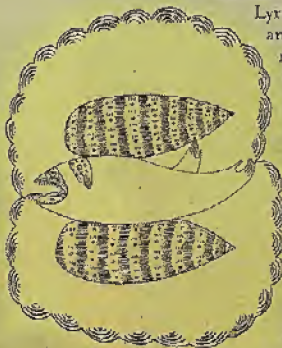
It is a path that may lead them to Brazil to record.

"One of our favorite albums is *Domingo*, by Gal Costa and Caetano Veloso, so we're going to try and make this record inspired by Domingo. We've got 10 songs, half in Spanish, half Portuguese. We hope to go down there for at least a month to record the whole thing. Maybe do it during Carnival"

Not content to rest on his laurels, Devendra has been busy moving forward.

"Andy and I are trying to start our own label," he says. The busy Mr. Banhart will be appearing on the new album, *I Am a Bird Now*, by Antony and the Johnsons. "Antony is my favorite living singer, hands down," he says. Future collaborations may include vocalist Janna Hunter as well as Josephine of Born Heller. He is also currently working on several art books: one, a joint effort with Ben Chasney of *Six Organs of Admittance* and Current 93's David Tibet. Another volume is underway with visual artist Keegan McHargue.

At the moment, Devendra is touring with his extended family of *Vetiver* and Joanna Newsom in tow. They will be appearing at *Kilby Court* June 7.



A Legendary Past.

And a Pink-Hued Future!

the



PHOTO: FANTASIA LORRAINE (PHOTOGRAPH)

an interview with- LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

by Ryan MICHAEL PAINTER

"A lot of people like to keep the Dots as their secret..." Which has become quite a feat, considering the band is now in their 24th year and have enough material to keep a radio station on-air for a week without playing the same song twice. That is, if any radio station would dare to play the Pink Dots. Yet it was KRCL that gave me my introduction to the magical world of Edward Ka-Spel via a late-night spinning of the Tear Garden's "Romulus & Venus." It was an awkward pop tune that I couldn't quite make out the meaning of, but couldn't shake from my mind. *Last Man to Fly* has subsequently become one of my favorite albums.

Which makes for beautiful nostalgia, but the Dots don't find the past nearly as interesting as the future that waits before them, and 2004 finds the band back on familiar ground, tripping across America on a 35-date tour promoting not one, but two new releases. A notion that has left more than a few fans confused while standing at the merchandise table.

"They ask what [*Poppy Variations*] is and I tell them it's the new album. Then they ask what *The Whispering Wall* is and I tell them that's the new album too," says Edward.

Recording for both albums started around Christmas and, although recorded at the same time, there was never any question of which album the songs were to appear on. The process took the band to various locations as they moved their studio around to find the proper venues to record each song. An example of the independent and experimental approach that, though often full of chaos, is the heart of the Pink Dots.

The Whispering Wall, their third release on ROIR following the acclaimed *Under Triple Moons* and *All The King's Men*, is mostly made up of ideas that Phil Knight (a.k.a. Silverman, Phil Harmonix, etc.) brought to the recordings and *Poppy Variations*, released on their house label Terminal Kaleidoscope, is more focused on ideas Edward had. Although the genesis of *Poppy Variations* was based on a piece reminiscent of "Poppy Day" from the Dots' 1984 release, *The Tower*, that Phil brought Edward.

The result is beautiful chaos with a mix of jazz, electronics, space rock, Kafka's paranoia and the indefinable; a natural result of the diversity of the band's influences from the various players over the years.

"Music you love finds its way into what you create... I try to keep up [with current music]. I want to hear new things that excite me," he says, but he confesses that many of his old favorites from the 70s still occupy the turntable, more so than recent trends.

The early 90s saw the Dots at their peak commercially in America, over 10 years into their existence. A decade later, everything has changed. They've suffered from downloading and many of the shops that used to carry their records don't, or have closed down. It is hard for a band to survive without going out on the road. A change evident in the amount of touring the band does now when compared to the sporadic touring in the early days.

"You can't combat it; it is the way it is," says Edward.

Determined not to take part in the "vulgar court cases" the music industry has engaged in, Edward presents his alternative: "The only real way to combat [downloading] is to make something so beautiful that the people will want to own a solid copy of it."

The Dots are used to changes, having already become adept chameleons, for in many senses, the 80s belonged to Western Europe, the 1990s were for America and the start of the twenty-first century seems destined for new ground as Eastern Europe has become a bed for experimental art. Having already welcomed Coil enthusiastically, and revitalized the career of Marc Almond (Soft Cell), Eastern Europe has likewise embraced The Legendary Pink Dots.

"We were shocked at the response we received in Russia," says Edward. "We didn't know what to expect, didn't know if they even knew the songs, but a lot of people showed up. In the East, there is a different mentality; they are open to new music, whereas in the West, they say, 'We've heard this, show us something new.'"

Edward speaks warmly of the live experience as a welcomed communion between the band and their fans and promises surprises behind every door.

"Every show is different. There is a great amount of improvisation. [Playing live] gives the songs a chance to sprout wings. All the experimentation is part of the tapestry."

Edward acknowledges that over the years, there have been many lineup changes, but stresses that there haven't been as many goings as there have been comings, goings and coming back. Of the current lineup, Phil Knight on keyboards formed LPD with Edward in 1980, multi-instrumentalist Niels Van Hoorn (a.k.a. Niels Van Hoornblower) has collaborated with the band since 1990's *The Crushed Velvet Apocalypse*, Raymond Steeg (aka X-Ray Alley) was in the band from 1992 through 1995 and rejoined in 2001. Only guitarist Erik Drost could be considered a newcomer.

"The Pink Dots are like a family, we're all still in touch," says Edward.

Unprompted, Edward speaks kindly of former member and fan favorite Ryan Moore, who's in current band The Twilight Circus Dub Sound System, and hints towards possible collaborations in the future.

For the Dots are an unwritten book, not tied up in worries about when their fame and glory will come ("If I wanted to make a lot of money, I would do something else," says Edward), or where the inspiration for the next song will come from, who will be playing the instruments (although Edward agrees that without Phil, it could never be an LPD album), or how many people they will touch with their music... as long as they touch someone.

I had imagined that this could be a difficult interview, anticipating, foolishly perhaps, that Edward's answers might reflect his lyrics; tied in tiny little packages waiting to be opened and interpreted, with the answers somewhat hidden and vague. It makes for lovely poetry, but challenging interviews. It is here, as the interview starts to close and the band members try and tempt Edward back onto the bus, that I realize how approachable he has been.

I'm inclined to thank him for "Love Notes and Carnations," a song that didn't catch me until an old girlfriend called to say she heard it and had thought of me.

"Sounds like you had a similar experience as I did," says Edward.

Just a random track on an album I picked up because of a song I couldn't get out of my head years later has become personally significant, and I realize that had the song never been written, I could have slipped completely from an old friend's mind and a moment that I hold dear would never have existed.

Art, in whatever form, can be silly like that. Life, however, would never be as full without it.

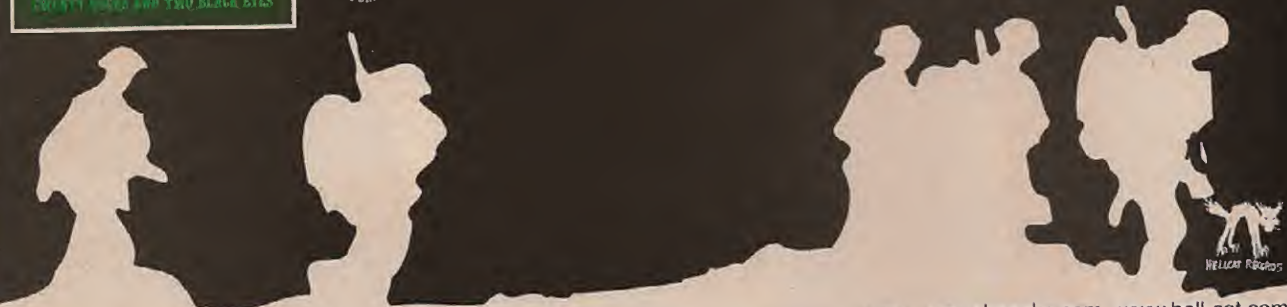
With a 25th anniversary looming, I wonder what awaits the Dots behind the 8 ball. Edward, true to form, doesn't know the details, but he knows this:

"The Legendary Pink Dots will always exist. I will be making Pink Dots albums until I die," says Edward.

Perhaps then another few decades remain for reveling in the process of creation while searching for that indefinable greatness called perfection.

Says Edward, "It is impossible to get there, which is the joy of it as well."

Join in on the experiment as The Legendary Pink Dots play Salt Lake City on July 1 at *In the Venue*. You'd be foolish not to be there.



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The Dt's
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The Dt's: The Bellrays • AC/DC • Tina Turner • Janis Joplin • White Stripes

The Dt's are absolutely amazing. What a lot of great rock n' roll bands and garage rockers seem to forget is soul—the perfect combination of soul and rock is needed to make that perfect sound. What is also missing, sadly, is the inclusion of female garage and rock n' roll singers. With maybe the exception of The Bellrays there are not many other female-fronted bands that can perfectly blend rock and soul. The Dt's excel and then some in their mix of dirty R&B hard soul. Hailing from Seattle, the group is comprised of drums, keys, guitar (no less played) and a vocalist who can sing her mutherfucker's ass off, and that is no shit! Somewhere between the bastard child of Tina Turner and older-era Janis Joplin, the Dt's singer shows incredible reach and control of her fiery voice that will keep listeners amazed and stunned. Apparently realizing that they have a helluva lot of competition from their singer, the rest of the band plays with wild fervor. The guitar work is aggressive and full of choppy licks that would give Jack White a run for his money. His guitar keeps in time with the drummer's fat bottom-end groove. All of this intricate guitar and drums is layered with 60s-style organ to add for maximum effect. This extreme musical proficiency from each member of The Dt's is what sets them over and beyond most of the garage bands out there right now. Experience the powerhouse soul at www.estrus.com/Famil/Dt's. *—Kurtis*

Alkaline Trio/One Man Army
Split Series 5
BYO

Alkaline Trio = Miltonichu • the Damned
One Man Army = Woody Guthrie • Swinging Utters
I always thought that the Alkaline Trio was for the kids who thought AFI was too hardcore, but on this split with One Man Army, they come off as thoughtful, a little soft and a little ostentatious, but certainly well done. Their downbeat poetic pop-punk draws you in even if at first you want to write them off as emo kids in a punk band. One Man Army comes through as they usually do, with some great street punk that's just a little too smart for the average mohawkhead to fully appreciate. Hey, BYO, my suggestion for No. 6 is *The Business and Throw Rag*.
—James Orme

Beauty Pill
You are Right to be Afraid
Dischord Records

Beauty Pill = Liz Phair • Cracker • The Posies
This is a five-song EP from one of the most mediocre bands I've ever heard. I was truly surprised to hear music like this on Dischord Records, seeing as how it sounds like late 90s Top 40 alternative radio fodder. There isn't anything really bad about this album (well, the lyrics are pretty shitty), but it isn't outstanding in any way. This is like background music for a late 90s romantic comedy that is still trying to cater to the pony-tailed hipsters from the Toad The Wet

Sprocket crowd. I enjoy the vocals from Rachel Burke, but that was the only potential I found in this utterly unenjoyable EP.
—Chuck Berrett

The Bloody Lovelies
Some Truth and A Little More
Oregon Lullaby Records

The Bloody Lovelies = Pleasure Forever (watered down) • Ben Folds Five • The Beatles
These guys claim to be rockers who are, "the best kept secret in rock n' roll." I say bullshit to that. These guys incorporate classical piano with the typical guitar, bass and drums mix. However, they have the most boring sound I've ever heard from a band that claims to be "rock." In their defense, track No. 7, "3 Days," does rock and is actually quite good, but the first six are slow monotonous pop songs that remind me of a piss-poor attempt to be The Beatles. The songs after track No. 7 are also a lesson in how to put your listeners to sleep. It comes close at times to sounding like Top 40 material—that's how bland and lifeless these guys are compositionally. Stay away from this one. *—Kurtis*

Broken Spindles
Fulfilled/Complete
Saddle Creek Records

Broken Spindles = Adult • Phillip Glass • Her
Strange Holiday
The Faint's Joel Petersen initially intended the work of his electronica side

project, Broken Spindles, to serve as a soundtrack for a friend's video project. Ironically, his new album, *Fulfilled/Complete*, is quite capable of acting as musical accompaniment to a sophomore student film depicting a collective coke binge. We are offered a view of strung-out hipsters occasionally pulling themselves off the sofa for the sake of dance, only to wilt aimlessly once again, noses bleeding into the sleeves of black cashmere-blend sweaters. This unsettling aesthetic is created by the continually tedious transition from eerie electro-clash numbers ("Fall In and Down On") to ethereal piano-driven constructions ("Song, No Song"). Furthermore, with just over 32 minutes of material (and nearly 15 minutes consumed by ambient drivel), Petersen has hardly "fulfilled" the provisions of an "LP." On the other hand, we always want the bad parties to end quickly.
—J Thomas Burch, Esq.

Black Coats and Limoges
67 Welcoming Committee

Clann Z = The Paper Chase • Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds • Sift Little Fingers
Clann Z is doing what it seems most bands who have realized the death of all the old genres are doing—changing their style (or at least taking a different approach) on each and every album. Their first album, *Ruo*, was a mix of cinematic instrumentalism, electronic pop and Celtic folk, as is *Black Coats*, but on their second album, they have taken a turn to the darkest sides of the world and have produced a masterpiece. Many of the songs either begin with sparse instrumentalism and quiet vocals and build into densely sonic soundscapes or dance back and forth in between the two. Nearly orchestral strings and catchy basslines are piled atop tinkling pianos and barely picked guitars while vocalist Declan de Barra moves from spoken words to mournful wails—at all times singing about war like he's seen the streets of Dublin explode, about religion like he's known those who the Catholic Church has stripped of humanity and about desperation like he's been the man sitting alone in a one-bedroom apartment hugged by only his own blood instead of his lost lover. This is one of those albums that I can't imagine any of my friends buying, although every one of them probably should. *—Nate Martin*

Deerhoof
Milkman
KUI Rock Stars
Doctrolin = Blonde Redhead • Xiu Xiu • Boredoms

Though Deerhoof's newest effort, *Milkman*, probably won't experience the same success on the college radio waves as 2003's *Apple O*, the band has succeeded in creating the least obnoxious "concept album" of recent memory. Guided by the bizarre cover art of Ken Kagan, the band whimsically contemplates the plight of the fictional milkman. The

gossamer guitar treatments, cantankerous drum-lines and sultry organ workouts all tenuously remain within the mystical parameters of the conceptual project. Yet nothing on the album seems trapped by the concept or forced to meet its demands. Even the most musically monotonous tracks ("C") are saved by Satomi Matsuwaki's sprightly falsetto (she repeats "Who...on the water wander far" for four minutes and it ceases to become stale). In the end, it seems that the effort to find "meaning" in such an esoteric concept is futile. Yet, like so many great albums, the underlying poignancy rests in this rhetorical gray area.
—J Thomas Burch, Esq.

Desoto Reds
Bangin' Thru Yer Window
Freakin' Mean Records

Desoto Reds = They Might Be Giants • Trachtenberg Slideshow Players • Bonitus
"Sergeant Crapper"
The thing about hook-driven pop music is the hooks have to be compelling; it is all on them to win you over, drive the song into your head. San Francisco's Desoto Reds have the requisite jangly guitars and nerdy twee vocals that put songwriting in the foreground, and the hooks are there for the most part, but the two problems with this set are the oversimilarity of the songs and their not-quite-hummability. That said, there are some nice moments, like the lyrics to "Tupper in the Fridge" ("the rider on the range/tastes a little strange/I an see tomorrow's breadlines/I can see what's in your mind"), the violin backing on "Elephant Feet" and the organ intro to "Something He Ate." Clever jabs at West Coast culture like "My Affair With Julia Roberts" and "The Gardener" about illegal immigrants make them regional faves. All in all, thinking person's pop that sometimes just seems to think a little too hard. *—Stakerized!*

Dolorean
Noi Exista
Yep Roc

Dolorean = Jay Farrar • Golden Smog • Wilco
First off, Dolorean is one of the coolest band names I've heard in a long while: dolor = sadness; Dolorean = 80s auto innovator's namesake doomed to coke-soaked oblivion. Another Portland musical prodigy, singer-songwriter Al James, together with Ben Nugent and northwest punk band the Standard's Jay Clarke, have created a disk of shimmering surfaces and fascinating depths, alt-country that trades more on the icy northern songscapes of Neil Young than wanky Southern atmospheres, but is homey and comfortable nonetheless. The melancholy of a song like "Jenny Place Your Bets" line "when I start losing/is when I start cheating" is nothing if not dolorous. And a single note from a cello is a great way to grab the attention of an audience who has seemingly heard everything. *—Stakerized!*

Hella The Devil isn't Red 5 Rue Christine



Chris Furr

Hella - Don Caballero + Lightning Bolt

The opening second of *The Devil isn't Red* feature the sounds of a dialing telephone. On the other end of the receiver is "the great architect of the universe" smoking in space bursts of razor-sharp guitar and drum rolls. This ferocious opening track ("Hello Great Architect of the Universe") sets the emotional stage for the remainder of this captivating album. But despite the fact that Hella can easily be plugged into the mold of noise rock, string and drum duo (best represented by *Load Records* and bands such as *Pink and Brown*), *The Devil isn't Red* defies many of this make-shift genre's traits by compiling verdant 1972 rock melodies with the common speed, metal riffs. Also, as the album was recorded entirely live, the diverse possibilities of improvisation, both brilliance and playful error, are realized. Hence, though this recording may only serve as a proxy to the band's visceral live performances, the mere experience of listening remains magnificent. —*J. Thomas Barth, L.A.*

Dopestyle 1231

Subliminal Records
Dopestyle 1231 Dr. Ogeon (aka Lyle Lavelle) Frank! Wow! If I didn't know any better, I would say that Ced Gee was having an identity crisis. These kids have to be high. The album is different, kind of like a gothic approach to the Ultra Magnetic classic *The Four Horsemen*. Dopestyle 1231 is definitely in a league of their own. The beats remind me of what you might find on a Mo' Wax Heads compilation if it was remixed by DJ Shadow. Egrie head-nodding grooves that melt the lyrics into the wax as it spins. Dopestyle's rhymes are out there, but they fit the production perfectly. The cameos alone are enough reason to cop this album. *Vast Aire* (Cannibal Ox) lends help on the tribute to Billy Batson and other superheroes entitled "Sunz of Shazaam," while *Del the Funkie Homosapien* rips on "Size Double D." *Kool Keith* also stops in urging you to relax and pull out your "Wedgie." If you're in the mood for something different, then turn to Dopestyle 1231 and see why smoking crack can be fun. —*Keegan*

eX-Girl

Endangered Species
Alternative Tentacles
eX-Girl: Fantomass + Melt Banana + Discordance Axis
It could be said that eX-Girl is the GWAR of the Japanese avant-pop world, donning ridiculous frog costumes and

rubber wigs; and while the live show is indeed interesting, their new album, *Endangered Species*, is not. Incorporating a touch of traditional Japanese sound along with unpredictable song structure is their calling card, and, no doubt, their source of notoriety. This record lacks two very important elements—soul and listenability. The whole band sounds like a fucking joke, without the artistic talent or punch line to really become worthwhile in any sense. Regardless of these detriments, they still put on an absolutely silly show and have played with Iron Maiden, which is more than I can say for any of my friends. —*seven5ierotyan*

Fat Hed

Right Train to Bubble Dr
Dope Discs
Fat Hed - MAND + Kernal the Frog + Funkdolest
Imagine if *The Muppets* made a hip-hop album... a really good hip-hop album. At first listen, it seems that Fat Hed teamed up with *Jim Henson* to do just that. The cartoon ambience of his lyrical delivery mixed with the ultra-funk beats make for some pleasurable listening. The topics vary from dissin' commercial cats to being in love, but still manage to keep the funk all the way through. "Spanish Fly" is a peculiar anthem for those in search of a head change, while "Human Beam Earth Team" has him teaming up with *Awol One* (Shapeshifters) to defend the hip-hop continuum against wack commercial acts. Fat Hed holds his own

against a guest roster that includes the likes of *Craig Malkovich*, *Motion Man* and *J. Madox* from the *Halifax All-Stars*. At times the lyrics can get a bit corny, but for the most part, this b-boy comes through with witty punch lines and colorful metaphors that match the audible backgrounds laid by DJ Fred C, *Kutmasa Kurt*, *Nocturnal Ron* and *Double K* (People Under The Stairs). —*Keegan*

Faun Fables

Samuel Johnson
Drag City
Faun Fables + Dame Darcy + Paisy Montane + Bob Moss
Travel and dusk were the prevailing themes on *Mother Twilight*, the last album by *Dawn Mc Carthy* and *Nils Frykdahl*. It's been several years since then and the travelers have finally come home. *Family Album* is just what the title suggests, the songs appearing as vignettes, paying homage to familiars both present and departed. It's a "jangled clan" where lovers, disembodied voices, disturbed brethren, mice, Madonnas, wolves and daughters who steal their mother's cigarettes are all present. Dawn has taken care to include those close to her, their performances giving this record a myriad range of utterances, perspectives and emotional depth. From the quiet musings of seven-year-old *Cassie Rorie* on "Nop Of Time" to the fetal vocal ejaculations that crown "Eyes of a Bird" the album is a triumph of contrasts. A humorous gem such as "Mouse Song" showcases Nils' trademark vocal narration and Dawn's legendary yodeling skills. Dawn's mother, who gave her the "love of autonomy" detailed in "A Mother and a Piano," appears at the end of the song in an excerpt from a 1966 recording. "Higher" features a family choir and the lines "I will carve the holiday feast... at the table with candies for each." It seems a suitable metaphor for the way Dawn and Nils deliver their music in recordings or while performing. They know how to handle their carving knives, how much to dish out and the importance of presentation. They serve it all up with a personal regard for both stranger and kin alike. Take your seat at the table when they play with *The Purr Bats* and *The Ether Orchestra* on June 19 at *The Urban Lounge*. —*Lincoln Lyssager*

Fear Before the March of Flames

Old Head People Shop
End Vision Records
Fear Before the March of Flames + Drowningman + The Kill + Thursday
One moment, chaotic wails of terror and off-kilter noise chords—and the next thing you know, it's radio-friendly emo heart-wrenching. The connective tissue between all of this are the vocals that sound like passionate speaking (i.e., *Insted*, *Insight* and *Bold*) and the

creative, high-noted guitar rhythms that slightly nod toward acts like *The Blood Brothers*. This band is part of a trend that I can't get my head around. It's the pissed-off screams turned into whining and bleeding tears within a matter of seconds. I'm all for crossing genres, but when one mood is established, it's usually interrupted by the other. Somehow, these guys make it work and keep it interesting. —*Chuck Berrett*

From Bubblegum to Sky

Various Artists
From Bubblegum to Sky + Pages Fries + Ken Strickland + The Muses
Mario Hernandez grew up in Japan, and the experience of living there in the 70s, listening to *KISS* and *Saturday Night Fever* before ever hearing of the Beatles, inevitably colored the sound of his musical incarnation as *FBTS*. Unlike the *Desoto Reds* CD I reviewed elsewhere, there is a sense of carefree effortlessness to the melody-making that makes the record utterly contagious. And the not-that-far-removed-from-teen bitterness on tunes like "Catherine Was My June" makes the happy hummability all the more savory. *Liner quips* like (album) "title by *Lisa Brandt*, *Jamie's friend* from *Oliveto*," and the insistence on mentioning that the songs were "recorded off and on through 2000-3 waiting for the Celeza to wear off," charmingly answer questions about artistic inspiration and what influence the skystruck songwriter was under. The harmony-laden pop sensibility is changed up by the disco doo-wop of "The gurls & shoo be doo wop" and perhaps the best use of "rented piano" ever on "Holland." See them in store at *University Graywhale* June 14 at 4p.m. —*Stukerized!*

Go Betty Go

Ward Family EP
Side One Dummy Records
Go Betty Go - Sarah Brightman (a little) + Blink 182
The Go Betty Go EP starts off powerful enough with "Worst Enemy." Crunchy rock chords melt with powerful bass work and slapping drums. The lead vocalist is powerful enough to leave me with a comparison to the band *Sahara Hotnights*. However, the band quickly sinks into mediocrity and clichés with their to-the-numbers approach to power-pop punk. While it is cool that they sing Spanish on the track "Son M...locuras," that is not enough to merit the paint-by-number guitar chords, predictable chorus chants and cheesy lyrics. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for woman empowerment, but not like this. I feel like I need to be an 18-year-old girl who loves *Blink 182* to really appreciate this. If you want good female power-pop punk, check out *Tilt*. Least this sick dog to lie and hopefully it will die of its own accord. —*Keular7*

Carlos Mena Hip Hop Meditations Casamena



Carlos Mena = Brand New Heavies + Krs-One +
Do You Want More (The Roots) + Alan Ginsberg

Hip-hop is not dead—it may be barely breathing, but it is not dead, and once in a while an album comes around with the potential to enlighten the non-believers. When I first read the press release for this album, I was a little skeptical. Hip-hop meditation... what the deuce? So, I lit the incense I was provided with in the press packet and threw the disc in my walkman. All I have to say is, thank you Carlos Mena, thank you for caring. This album is refreshing. From slam poetry to crushing organic beats with verbal prowess. Carlos paints murals with words as he provides different planes of conscience to escape to through in his music. His tribute to John Coltrane is remarkable as is his testimony about what the colors of the American flag mean to him. I wasn't given a track listing, but you really don't need one. It's better if you just let it play from beginning to end, repeating as many times as you see fit. It's hearing music like this that makes me proud to be a b-boy. —Keegan

The Hangmen

Acetate Records

The Hangmen + X + Supersuckers + Caniculate Rondo + Society Distortion

Hailing from Los Angeles, The Hangmen is one of those magnificent bands who gets 10 times better with each album they put out. *Metallic L.O.U.* in 2000 was a good debut, but the live disc, 2002's *We've Got Blood on the Ties of Our Boots* was much more outstanding because it featured better songwriting and captured the band at its rawest. 2004's *Loteria* totally blows that album away, in regards to cohesive song progressions throughout the entirety of the album. The Hangmen are like the legendary rockers X in that they blend the perfect mixture of rock n' roll and honky-tonk. On this latest disc, they hone that mixture into a deadly and volatile cocktail. Whether it's full-speed-ahead rockers "Blood Red" and "Here She Comes" or the metallic cords of "Wild Beast" and "Get It," or the slow, sultry sound of "Sleepin' on the Floor" and "I Just Want To Feel Good," the band keeps things varied and interesting while working within the revival-rock mantle. On "Loteria," the group stumbles only once with the drawn-out somber track "Can't Stop That Train." What makes The Hangmen so kick-ass is their lead singer's high-pitched snarl. His voice propels the compositions of the tracks into a sonic beer-soaked fiery inferno. Come find your new favorite hybrid rock n' roll album at www.thehangmen.net. —Kevlar7

Kill Me Tomorrow

Gold Standard Laboratories

Kill Me Tomorrow = The Liars + Joy Division

Kill Me Tomorrow's press release, printed on neon-orange paper, compares them to Joy Division, The Fall and Sonic Youth. Yes, they might resemble those bands faintly, but they really lack the graspability of those bands. The very best band to compare them to is Liars, and since Liars producer Steve Revitte also produced KMT, that'd make a bit of sense, no? Dense electronic sludge, hypnotic, repetitive phrasing, minimal drumming, scattered, schizophrenic vocals, ultra-artistic, frantic song arrangements and above all, certain unsettling darkness—characterize the band, whose members' names are not revealed anywhere in the press release or CD. Good luck recognizing them from photos. KMT have toured with The Blackheart Procession, The Locust and The Mats Volta, so they're pretty much in the "in" crowd of that new, emerging, electro-art noise movement. —Rebecca Vernon

Machine Head

Through the Ashes of Solitude

Headrunner Records

Machine Head = Pantera + The Haunted + Sepultura

After an obvious re-thinking of the way their style has (d)evolved, Machine Head makes an overdue return to the punishing roots of their origin. Through the Ashes of Empires is the first release since *Burn My Eyes* from these guys that has truly made me feel anything. Fully equipped with precision percussion, ridiculous guitar picking-patterns and the tribalistic yells of frontman Robert Flynn, this record has been anticipated by Machine Head's earliest fans. Albums like 2001's *Supercharger* were well accepted by critics, and full of well-written songs that impressed a lot of people. But, the people

who loved their true intensity and abrasive style weren't happy with the route they were taking. This record is true American metal in the most groove-oriented, head-banging fashion. Welcome back, Machine Head. —Chuck Berrett

Mizar

The King of Stars

Self-Released

Mizar = The Voodoo Organist (just a tiny tiny bit) + Darmitzyahs + A very large steampunk pile of shit

In the seven to nine years that I have written for various music magazines and have reviewed countless bands' discs, I would have to say without a doubt that this is the worst CD I have ever heard in my life and I'm not exaggerating in the slightest bit. This guy Mizar plays an organ and keyboards with a drum machine, much like The Voodoo Organist does, but while The Voodoo Organist has talent and his songs are never boring, Mizar is lacking anything redeeming in his music. Mizar has the worst voice ever put to music. Even that dorky Asian kid from *American Idol* has way more singing ability than this fucking clown. The recording style is piss-poor. Mizar does this clicking noise and video game bleep with his voice that is annoying enough the first time, but then he does it throughout the whole entire disc! I wanted to stab myself in the neck with a pencil to stop the torture. His press kit says to think outside the box, but this is plainly not even worth thinking about. —Keblar7

Neurosis

The Co-Of-Two Storm

Neurot Recordings

Neurosis = (late) Swans + Isis + Godspeed You! Black Emperor

Everything a new Neurosis record comes out, I immediately claim that it's my favorite. Well, this time I really mean it—promise! This legendary San Fran power-art project is constantly taking new and inventive steps into undiscovered water and this time is more profound than ever. *The Eye Of Every Storm* plays like a composition of ingenious arrangements and mood-altering melodies. As a matter of fact, there's probably a total of 45 seconds of their trademark screams, while the majority of time is growled over with the melodic vocals that have been characteristic of Steve Von Till's and Scott Kelly's solo efforts. This album is mind-blowingly beautiful and epic in such attractive ways that you lose complete track of time and place while listening to it. Save a spot at the top of this year's Top 10 list for this album. —Chuck Berrett

Joanna Newsom

Is-Milk, Bird-Milk

Drag City

Joanna Newsom = Lauri Nyrö + Tara

The cover of milky-eyed Joanna's Newsom's debut outing seems meant to evoke a simpler time in music, with its needlepoint illustrations like Carole King's Tapestry and titles like "Sprout and

the Bean" and "The Book of Right On."

The faux naive children's songs crossed with mildly psychedelic folk melodies is embroidered on harp instead of guitar picking out chords. And her voice is like nothing else: a childlike chirp and lilt that you will find either utterly enchanting or a bit off-putting. If the latter, get in touch with your inner child post-haste. Discover her for yourself June 7 at Kilby Court with Devendra Banhart. It may be the only time you get a chance to see a harpist there. —Stokered!

Passage

The Forcefield Kids

Anticon

Passage = Sole + The Human League

The Forcefield Kids is a collection of 24 tracks that move faster than Passage's delivery (only one track on the album is over three minutes long). His album production has a strange birth somewhere in 80s new wave (very synth sounds—Duran Duran, Culture Club) and his delivery sometimes reminds one of the monotone roll (long passages quickly read that slightly rhyme) of his labelmate Sole, sometimes the raw, singy voice of his other labelmate Why?, and an 80s new waver. Passage should go over huge in the Salt Lake scene. It's hip hop, but not; new wave, but not. Fans of I Am The World Trade Center will eat this up. No one will read this before he hits *Urban* on May 28, so you better hope you went. —Christopher Steffen

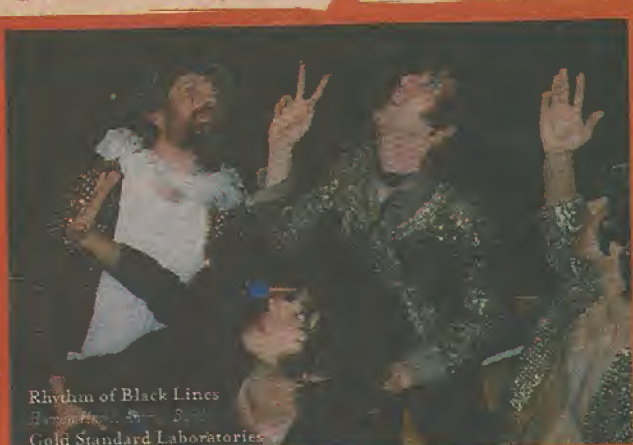
Pedro The Lion

Achilles' Heel

Jade Tree

Pedro the Lion = The Microphones + Death Cab for Cutie

Pedro The Lion has always been just out of my listening reach. I've seen them in concert and heard about their stirring lyrics from friends, but never took the time to investigate the claims until Achilles' Heel landed in my stereo for review. I landed on The Fleecing and never looked back with lyrics, "I could buy you a drink, I could tell you all about it, I could tell you why I doubt it and why I still believe... but I don't know you and you don't know me." David Bazan has penned 11 tracks, recorded in rural Washington and have brought them together in a straightforward manner. With a more prominent keyboard laid over drums and guitar, they make for a perfect complement to Bazan's slow talking/singing swagger. There is no explanation or need to try and pretend to be anything more. Each song is an experience of everyday life across America. The alcoholic in Keep Swinging, the tree falling on the man in Transcontinental, the killer in Discretion, the wife and husband of I Do. The songs are more rock and less pop from previous trips, which makes Achilles' Heel well worth the cost. "My old man all ways swore that hell would have no flames, just a front row seat to watch your true love pack her things and drive away." —Josh Scheuerman



Rhythm of Black Lines
Brave New Music • 5-1-03
 Gold Standard Laboratories

Rhythm of Black Lines' Hot Hot Heat—The Strokes + Pleasure Forever
 Rhythm of Black Lines' fifth release from avant indie label GSL is timed in originality yet infectious like gangrene. The lead vocals emanate the singer of Hot Hot Heat after skipping his anti-depressants for a couple of days while the songs themselves show a glimmer of the Get Hustle and Pink Floyd. Much of the effort in this album goes toward creating atmosphere to accompany their post-modern rhetoric, yet fails to provide truly encapsulating environments as achieved by the aforementioned artists. Part of the charm of Rhythm of Black Lines is their dependence upon an honest presentation of their music to create atmosphere rather than "studio magic." Not to say they are minimalist in the least, including cellos, congas, pianos and electronic drums in their repertoire. The title track is a perfect example of that honest presentation, it is an astonishingly unique blend of garage rock à la Starlite Desperation and house music à la Club Axis. —*James Gorman*

Red Eyed Legends

*The High Life When We Were
 Gold Standard Laboratories*

Red Eyed Legends—The Fall + Therapy + Red Gummies
 It's nice to have a good musical resume when picking up stakes and resettling in a new musical community. Vocalist Chris Thomson brought his tenure in Circus Lupus, Monorchid & Skull Control plus a self-confessed "lack of rhythm" to the Midwest, Omaha to be more precise, in search of new collaborators. Jason Dummelback, ex-Silverback (who? Exactly), Steven Demekas (ex-Entertainment and Countdown) and Paul Higgins, late of the Evil Three, soon joined forces under the GSL banner to create actually one of the more interesting punk quartets out there now. At least one of them is rhythmic enough to create intensely jagged drive, and Thomson's Mark E. Smith-like ranting style goes with this remix EP with songs done over in dub ("super indoor version"). The title track and "That Other Bastard" essay the twisted mental state of their minds. There's more to Omaha than Saddle Creek. —*Stokerized!*

Rilo Kiley

More At Entertainers

Brave New Records

Rilo Kiley—The Anniversary + Jenni Jameson + The Good Life

Rilo Kiley has been on the ladder of success for a long time now, but whether they are moving up or down is hard to see. They have left not one, but now two

prominent indie labels and have started their own, which More Adventurous will be released on. From the opening track, It's A Hit (which is exactly what it is), the listener has an impression of old friends, but more adventurous indeed. Bringing together three producers and a veteran band, they have made a beautiful, well-structured and layered record. Blake Sennett makes only one appearance with the lightly played Ripcord and leaves the rest of the album to showcase his finger skills with the guitar. Jenny Lewis has never sounded so needed, like the lover that anyone would want to be whispered to at night. The album content flows from relationships (does he love you, a man/me/then Jim) the absence of God and death (It Just Is, absence of god) to rocking as hard as they can on Portions For Foxes and Love and War. Fans can find a connection tucked into their music that they have come to adore anything that could be connected to Rilo Kiley, which has been ever-increasing. These same fans and myself will be grateful that their music and chemistry, both turmoil and love, has made the band more aware of what they want and making the music to take them there. —*Josh Scheuerman*

The Silent League

The Quiet Storm • 5-1-03

File 13 Records

The Silent League—John Lennon + Flaming Lips
 Justin Russo has been stealing away time for the past year to arrange and record a stirring collection of orchestra hits

reminiscent of The Flaming Lips and on the grand scale of The Beatles' The White Album. Having toured and recorded with The Mercury Rev, Hopewell and Grand Mal, Russo has assembled his own orchestra of eight musicians to bring his ideas to light. Borrowing lines "you're never gonna wanna dance again" in "The Catbird Song" from George Michael's "Careless Whisper" and even using song titles like "Time" and "Breathe" lifted lightly from Pink Floyd, each track pulls from different influences, turning each into a beautifully crafted epic. The album was all recorded live in the studio to bring the sound of a live orchestra and project to the listener. Conversation marks one of the best tracks on the disk, casually reminiscent of the 70s ballads, of John Lennon leaning over the piano writing about God. Russo knows the difference between knowing when to quit and when to hang around for coffee and a good friend. —*Josh Scheuerman*

Single Frame

Rock On! Come On!

Volcom Entertainment

Single Frame—Granddaddy + Eugene + At the Drive In

What is in the beer down in Austin, Tex? For years, bands from every genre have been coming out with a vengeance and lust for more from the dry and stagnant desert, over-populated with college kids, music and film festivals. Maybe it's the art that the city embraces or the ability to move there and become part of the scene, but for some reason, Austin has spawned another band to notice this year. Single Frame is re-releasing Wetheads through Volcom Entertainment as an enhanced CD with music videos and band bios and photos, among other goodies. What is important is for this CD to be heard by everyone. Sounds range from At the Drive In, Eugene and Granddaddy, if that could possible happen. There're dabbings with synths, keyboards guitar, trumpet and distortion pedal. Experimenting with notice and style. Single Frame flies under the radar of pigeonholing, but puts music together that rocks and soothes at the same time. —*Josh Scheuerman*

Some Girls

All My Friends are Going Deaf

Deathwish

Some Girls—The Locust + P-Minus + song structure

Billy Corgan's side project Zwan sounded exactly like Smashing Pumpkins, even though it was created under Billy's premise of moving in a "completely different direction." Whatever his intentions, Justin Pearson of The Locust pulled a Corgan with Some Girls—whatever it is inside J.P. that created The Locust leaves unmistakable traces elsewhere. So Some Girls sounds like a slightly more coherent version of The Locust, minus buzzy keyboards, complete with 25+ tracks—so what? Spazzy, tortured vocals slice through a dark tumult of insane guitar work with

roots in old punk and hardcore that rips so fast that it might just take your skin off. Some Girls's lineup also includes Wes Eisold (Give Up the Ghost, American Nightmare) and Rob Moran (Unbroken, Over my Dead Body). —*Rebecca Vernon*

The Sovietets

LVI

Adeline Records

The Sovietets—Randy + Tsunami Bomb + The Riverbats

If The Sovietets had sped up the three tracks out of 14 on LVI that break the two-minute mark (none of them go over 2:30), their sophomore record would have been nearly perfect. I suppose they're necessary to break up the monotony, but they seem boring next to the other 11 tracks of fast attitude and savvy. Quite opposite of what their name would suggest, their lyrics are not pinko propaganda, although they have enough political content to insist they're aware. This eccentric catch-punk dish goes to further what everyone should have already noticed—that, considering the Sovietets alongside such acts as Atmosphere and Mark Mallman, the music scene in Minneapolis is as good and versatile as any in the nation. Check out The Sovietets on the Rock Against Bush: Vol. 1 as well. —*Nate Martin*

U.S. Maple

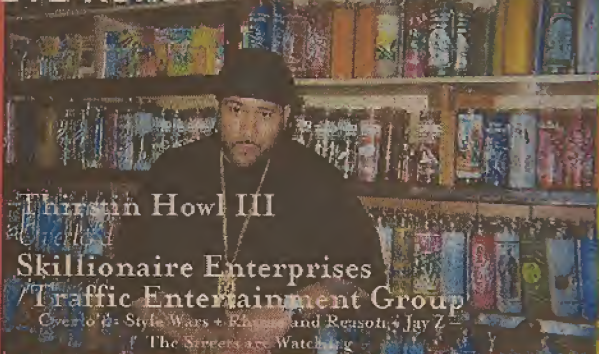
Rock On! Come On!

Drag City Records

U.S. Maple—(Minist Mouse) + Type O

(Negative) They Were Wrong So We Remained The words "U," "S" and "Maple" (in that particular order) first graced my ears four or five years ago in the form of Alkaline Trio lyrics in the song "Goodbye Forever" ("Remember last April when/We saw US Maple/Somehow the singer showed/The Fireside exactly how I feel"). From that point until this that band name had always teased my unconscious as something to check into, however I never did—I suppose I had better leads than Matt Skiba's emo advice to follow while looking for new music. When Purple on Time came into the office last month, I decided to finally delve into these Chicago depths and what I found is as follows: instrumentation that strays in and out of cohesion and seems to beg for a climax which it never reaches, noise piled atop strange time signatures and raspy, indecipherable vocals grating simple, even more indecipherable lyrics that seems repetitive but somehow never truly seem to repeat. This album makes me want to scratch my head more than rock out, but I suppose rocking out isn't entirely out of the question. —*Nate Martin*

DVD Review



Thug shot. Straight thug shot. This cat is on some Ted Nugent meets Willie Dee-type shit with this documented definition of what hustlin' is all about. Overlaid begins with a preview for the upcoming Lo-Life Documentary based on the Lo-Life Founders, and the name they built by boosting Polo in the late 80s. After that, it's on to videos from Thirstin's latest release, *Skillionaire*, which looks into his studio and a few rap skits. The interviews take place in front of the projects and in Skilligan's Island (his recording studio). The interviews and the a capella freestyles help give insight into the life of Thirstin on a personal level, letting you catch a rare glance into how hip-hop is more than just a form of music, but rather, a way of life. The music videos are low budget, but will do you no wrong. The highlights of this DVD are definitely the rap skits from the short-lived MTV series *The Hot Chick Lounge*. Thirstin wrote for and starred in the rap-based comedy skit show, which featured Master Fool, his sparring partner in rhyme, and cameos from Mos Def, Def Jef, Wordsworth and Erykah Badu just to name a few. For those who didn't catch the series, it was like *Saturday Night Live* with emcees instead of comics. The DVD also contains a Rap Toons animated video for "Still Live with Mr. Mom" starring Dolomite as Badass Hollywood Brown. Good times, good times. **A-** *Keaton*

US Roughnecks

Twenty Bucks and Two Block Eyes
Hefcat
US Roughnecks: 4 Skits (Early) Sick of It All + Rose Tattoo

These guys are tough, and I don't mean they act tough, or look tough. I mean that when I met them at the Punks vs. Psychos show in April, I shook their hands and it felt like grabbing rough-grade sand paper—obviously the result of working construction jobs while not touring in the most brutal Oil band ever assembled, and with Oil bands, that's saying something. Full of street fights and hard-drinking nights, this record never lets up with songs like "Sactos Alright," "Summer of '96" and "Saturday," which tell of the band's home town, Sacramento, and lead singer Mike Hennessey's troubled youth. Bassist Big Jay Bastard plays with an astonishing virtuosity that wasn't present on the Lars Fredrickson and the Bastards record. Add that to two buzz saw-ripping guitars and the gravel-throated vocals of Hennessey. *Twenty Bucks and Two Block Eyes* is an onslaught of punk the Roughnecks describe as "roughneck noise." **A-** *James Orme*

Various Artists

Heavy Tied To Love: James & Patricia La Cruz, N. Roses
Law of Attraction Records
Various Artists: Victory Records • Defien Records

I'm not a fan of compilations, but I do

like hardcore and I love G N' F N' R! Let's face it folks, Guns N' Roses was pretty much Axl's voice (and Duff and Slash's guitar, and that slut's tough to duplicate, as shown on this record. However, there are a few notable exceptions: Unearth's version of *It's So Easy*. They replaced the best line of the song with: "I see you standing there/You think you're so cool/Hey Axl... Fuck off!" That was pretty awesome, considering Axl's a complete dork these days. Most Precious Blood substituted Slash's famous "Sweet Child O' Mine" guitar riff with a keyboard. Eighteen Visions' "Paradise City" was the closest anyone got to that G N' R sound. Every Time I Die stayed true to "G N' R Lies" with an acoustic version of "I Used To Love Her." For a hardcore G N' R fan, this compilation will truly "bring you to your knees"... in pain. **Dick Rivers**

Various Artists

High Volume: The High Volume Sound System
High Volume Records
High Times Man's Thing • Small Stone

Ahhh, stoner rock. It's always associated with the magic leaf, but really, I tend to associate it with pure soul power. But maybe that's one and the same to you? Half of High Volume is somewhat ho-hum, especially the first half (with the exception of Bad Wizard, Nebula, Unida and Suplex)—the riffs kind of melt together and sound like so much been-there-done-that honky-tonk/coverby

classic stoner. Things really start picking up with High on Fire's "To Cross the Bridge," which sounds like the pre-battle theme song for the dwarves in *Lord of the Rings*, or like Bathory if Bathory were 10 times heavier. The Formula's "Hello to Oblivion," completely instrumental, is also like a Gar going off in your face, with plenty of murderous, cunning guitar solos. Corrosion of Conformity's "It is That Way" is slower n' heavier than a semi trying to climb the mountains up to Park City, and the anthemic chorus goes on in your head for hours afterwards. Bottom's track at the end is as tasty as... well—realizing that one of your favorite female rock bands isn't dead after all. Clutch and Orange Goblin also appear. **—Rebecca Vernon**

Various Artists

Black Box: The Hip Hop Box
Hip Off Records
The Hip Hop Box: Dubbin' Records • So So Def • Black Box

This box set is essential for new jacks and veteran scholars alike. It's all there, from the Soulsonic Force and Kool Mac De to Dr. Dre and DMX. Old, new, fresh, wack; everybody made it—well, almost everybody. Twenty-five years are contained on these four discs: Black Sheep, DJ Quik, Dr. Dre, Kurtis Blow, Run DMC, Ice-T, Digable Planets and Chubb Rock is just to name a few of the many great artists featured in this box set. If you like hip-hop, then this is a must-have. The first disc is old-school; late 70s to the early 80s. Disc 2 features cuts from the late 80s. Disc 3 is early 90s, and disc 4 is late 90s to the present. A few of the tracks would have been better if the original version was selected in place of the remix chosen; for example, Common's "The Light" and Wu Tang's "C.R.E.A.M."—both strong cuts—but if it isn't broke, why fix it? Other than that, *The Hip Hop Box* is just quality hip-hop music—four entire albums you could play till the cassette's through. What more could you ask for? **A-** *Keaton*

Winds

The Winds of Change • Wind

The Winds of Change
Winds of Change • End of the World

This is the music that you envision knights on horseback riding home in victory to. Not war-weary, battle-scarred knights—but shiny silver ones on well-manicured white horses. This album is all finesse and no power. No one is going to doubt the ample talent of the members of Winds. In fact, I would suggest they completely drop the metal and go out Ulver-style and focus on what they're good at—instrumental music. Each song has a beautiful composure of classical strings with such grace and flawless sway that it's a shame to interrupt it with sword-swinging power metal. Of course, there are plenty of Dungeons & Dragons-playing 40-year-olds with pony tails who will bask in the guitar solos and triumphant vocals, but the rest of the world may mistake it as the new theme song for He-Man. **—Chuck Bennett**

Vetiver

Vetiver: The Sound of the Future
From the get-go it's apparent that Vetiver is not your run-of-the-mill debut. The album includes performances by Devendra Banhart, Hope Sandoval, Colum O'Gloisig (ex-My Bloody Valentine) and Joanna Newsom. Vetiver exists under the direction of Andy Cabic, whose abilities as a consummate songwriter are firmly established over the course of the record. Opening with "Oh Papa," Andy borrows his father's car and proceeds to drive the listener on a journey through some of the most beautiful, surprising and uncharted folk terrain this side of The Holy Modal Rounders on downers. "I remember the simple things," he sings on "Further On," and indeed, things never get too complicated. Violin and cello offer the perfect counterpoint to the guitar and banjo interplay and create a solid, if delicate, backdrop from which the voices and guest musicians shine forth. Find out for yourself when they appear with Joanna Newsom and Devendra Banhart at Kirby Court, June 7—borrow your father's car if you have to! **—Lincoln Lyngier**

The X-ecutioners

Revolutions
Revolutions
The X-ecutioners: In This Case, Scratch Piz

The X-ecutioners (with contemporaries the Invisibl Skratch Piklz and The Beat Junkies) were on the forefront of the mid-90s turntablism revolution. *Revolutions* was created with no sampler, no drum machine. It's three DJs mixing and cutting on every track, amounting to an impressive collection of full, gritty hip-hop beats. Some of the tracks bear hard rock guitars (similar to the Linkin Park song they did a few years ago), some go back to hip-hop's funk roots. Like other X albums, *Revolutions* has an amalgamation of star MCs (Cypress Hill, Slug, Ghostface Killah, Black Thought, Fat Joe...). The X-ecutioners need to be seen live to understand the acrobatics of champion turntablism. Catch them at Harry's on June 18. **—Christopher Steffen**

Fangoria: Blood Drive DVD

Blood Drive
Fangoria: Blood Drive
Well, as a fan of this genre for some time now, and an avid hater of today's "teen actor-turned-of-a-career-springboard" so-called horror movies, I have to say this DVD comes as something of a relief. Included on this DVD are seven short films, ranging from 15 minutes to a little over 20 minutes in length. Some of these are very psychedelic, while others are very much like something out of *Creepshow*, while yet others are more in tune with a Twilight Zone-style plot twist. I can see lots of people "eating up" the zombie piece entitled "Song of the Dead." This one starts off with a very *Blair With*-style enmerdoor excursion of a man walking through the woods and the consequential happenings after he encounters a zombie. There's something on here for horror fans of all types, as well as a nifty bonus section with over an hour of features starting creature creator Stan Winston, and the father of Pinhead, Clive Barker. Put down that Red Bull and go get this DVD! **—JR Sutekh**



LoCal cdReviews

by **Rebecca Vernon** rebecca@slugmag.com



Red Bennies, *Walk Right In* 7", Pseudo Recordings

Dude, the vinyl craze is taking over locals, and no one will escape until everyone's dripping with wax. Red Bennies' latest 7" is on red vinyl with a yellow-and-black sticker in the middle, and the tracks of "Walk Right In" and "You're Dirty" are as vibrant as the packaging colors. This version of "Walk Right In" is different than the one on *Death by Salt*; it seems to take its time a

little more and stretch a little looser, while sinking a little deeper, into your soul. Can I do a Red Bennies review without using the word "soul"? No. And check the steaming, bubbling guitar solo at the end. "You're Dirty" is as tasty, bright and addictive as frosting on a kid's birthday cake: sugary, grainy guitar loops, simple, blues-based drums and bass scallops bobbing up and down, plus neon keyboard arpeggios, will give you a chemical high for hours after consumption.

www.pseudorecordings.com, www.restgo.com

Bloswick, *Self-titled*

Although Keegan and Chris are, like, the masters of reviewing hip-hop, even I can tell Bloswick is good, good stuff. I had to double-check the CD about three times to make sure this wasn't a national band. M&B are now up there with the two or three other Salt Lake hip-hop artists who have truly impressed me. Funny TV and movie samples introduce sagas of head-spinning word flow that whips and trills past like wriggling serpents. It reminds me of *Eyedeas* & *Abilities* at times, but M&B concentrate more on really savoring the rhythms and getting their cutting word-play across instead of trying to be the Fastest Emcee Around. Flutes, mystical guitar loops and infectious grooves back up the poetry techniques that're more complex than e.e. cummings at times: they utilize slant rhyming, inner line rhyming, assonance, consonance, and other methods I've probably never heard of before, even though I was an English major.



Iota, *Self-titled*, Insanibloom

No wonder the Glasspack are fans of Iota. Big, buzzy bass and low-end guitar mix together into a prickly, clogging ball of sound, like a juicy little porcupine smashed to death in the middle of a lonesome stretch of highway. The sound is as thick, damp and heavy as the clinging, sour white fog that hangs above the deepest Mississippi bogs in the dead of night. The lead guitar most resembles

Queens of the Stone Age when it starts a-soloing, but really, Iota's way too heavy to be played on the radio. Toms speed like the demons of hell closing in on their whimpering prey at the beginning of "Shit Luck," and the heavy, mesmerizing, repetitious drone of "Faceless" makes you feel you're entering a maze from which there is no escape. Iota better be signed to Small Stone or High Times by the end of 2004, or else I'll know there's a stigma against Urbn bands, and I'll have to kill somebody. www.thugglasspack.com/iota

Pilot This Plane Down, *Airs*, Seldom Scene

I hate comparing local bands to other local bands, but Pilot This Plane Down is screaming out for one in the best of ways—Her Blacklist. They both have that low, mostly instrumental, eerie, free-form type black patent-leather despair, the echo of an echo of a detached pebble landing in the bottom of a crevasse miles deep. Plus, they both like to put out albums of only one track. Any PTPD vocals are softly out-of-focus, or raised in agonized screaming, bringing them into the realms of Isis and Neurosis, much as vocals did on Her Blacklist's last release. The sound of

RED BENNIES (RED!) VINYL RELEASE:
Saturday, July 3, Urban Lounge w/The Wolfs

distinct, silvery water drops, disembodied whispering and what sounds like the tinkling of an old toy piano or a broken music box grace the 13-minute mark, while the distant hum of strings levitate around the 17-minute mark. PTPD's strength lies in their ability to call up strong emotions by creating atmospheric soundscapes that color your brain as deeply and vividly as a living picture. www.pilotthisplanetdown.com www.thest-donucene.com

Subterranean Masquerade, *Temporary Psychotic State* EP, The End Records

Tomer Pink, who has worked at The End Records for the last several years and who from Israel, wrote and arranged all the music on *Temporary Psychotic State*, which consists of only two tracks, but which are so lengthy and involved it's basically what the length of a five-song EP from The Jets might be. Tomer called on local Salt Lake musicians to add their talent to the mix—Bronwyn Beecher on violin (Trace W and Her Delightful Band); Susan Naud on vocals, Jake DePolite (Anima Nera, The Kill, Union of the Snake, etc.) on guitar—and national talent as well: Tino LoSicco (Epoch of Unlight) on drums; Paul Kuhr (November's Doom) on vocals, and Jason William Walton (Agalloch) on bass. It was recorded mostly at Boho Digitalia in Salt Lake and produced mostly in L.A. by Bryn Iall (Alice in Chains, Offspring, Stabbing Westward). Why all the detail? Because this is the first CD that I'm aware of that has collaborated pretty equally between local and national talent. Definitely a cool milestone.

"Temporary Psychotic State" starts out with broken monkey-box music grind away and almost immediately, a cracked, demented voice welcomes you to the



carnival. In surges a wash of near baroque, oddly-timed classic guitar picking, as intricate, elegant and lovely as satin-robed dancers bow and mincing at a masqued ball. Guitar strumming begins as the real vocals evoke a lamentation of killing self-reflection: "Mirrors offered my hopes for endless mortr hours/hours of staring into me." violin is the vocalist's constant spectral companion; they weave in and out among the waves of an empty beach whitewashed by moonlight, crashing with double bass, mellot layered guitars and growled vocals. The second track features a large breakdown the second half with Naud's doubled-up vocals first howling, *Dark Side of the Moon* style, then chillingly wailing, gypsy-like. Exotic dulcimer sounds, warm mellot violin and a chorus of maddened voices speak confusion: clarity, lies and truth. Even with all the layers, everything is nicely separated, like a good bra. *Subterranean Masquerade* unapologetically breaks down a barrage of ersatz metal rules in one swoop. So of course, it was natural that it should come out on The End Records. www.submoq.com, www.theendrecords.com

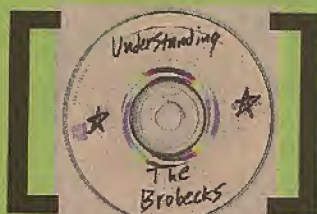
Smashy Smashy, 3, Stereo Records

Most of humanity passed by the iron clanging of the industrial factories and left away in despair. Einsteuzende Neubauten heard it and saw a movement. In a noise is potential for music. With 3, Smashy Smashy's um ... third album, they patiently carve, chop up, parry, shave down, form and mold noise into timings, structure, notes, concepts. Gentry Densley's guitar slashings and bass blurtings (both issuing from the same axe) and Dan Thomas' weighty drum pummeling form a dense yet porous ball of utter pandemonium. They are as tight as bikini



briefs on a 300-pound man. The timing is near-impossible to follow on most of the songs, but it's definitely following some scientifically enumerated there-om, it being on ship *U.S.S. Gentry*—or what's more probable, it's following a completely simple structure that's not so obvious at first listen. It all makes perfect sense in your gut though, and the clashing, jarring treble+bass+percussion combo is satisfyingly brainy, especially on "Diangus Rising." "Dear, Drummer," one of my favorite tracks, slows down into a pseudo-epic, tenderly dark piece that ends in a narrow canyon of rushing noise.

www.smashymashynow.com, www.stereorecordingco.com



The Brobecks, *Understanding the Brobecks*
I like The Brobecks before I even listen to them because they indicate that I'm supposed to read their press letter in an English accent. I guess I'm expecting to hear another scratchily-produced OK-but-not-brilliant local rock/garage band, and am surprised to hear a super-produced, thick, gloomy, moody, roomy rock sound, all sparkly and iri-

descent and earthy at the same time, with gutting choruses, alto piano and raw strings shredding your heart into tiny bits. Man! The Brobecks kick ass. Little bloopy keyboard sounds permeate "Sloppy Seconds" and appear throughout the CD. "I'd be a punk if my mom would let me" are an example of their charming lyrics. An emo edge comes out sometimes; luckily for the Brobecks, their originality is as super as their production. One of the year's best local CDs. www.brobecks.com

Mental Floss.
Little Fish, Little Pond

Feel-good, bright rock songs could use some variety in between the tracks and a metronome for the drums to be right on, every time, but other than that, Mental Floss has crafted 10 songs of catchy pop subtlety. "Surf Song" is just that, coasting along on bluesy 60s guitar rock, and "Outside Looking In" captures the wistful classic-rock sensibilities of CCR. In fact, most of the songs have the lyrical narrative feel and guitar-chord progression that's reflective of the 70s era of Creedence, The Eagles and Boston. Things get a little slower and drearier with borderline gothy "Part of That World," complete with violin, but get peppier after six-and-a-half minutes with "Hard and Fast." R.treg@hotmail.com



Unsound Mind
Thicker Than Blood
I've heard a lot of local metal... I'd say a good 30 percent of everything I receive locally is metal of some kind or other. Unsound Mind is in the top 10 percent of all the metal I've reviewed. Instead of spitting out tired, lifeless riffs that need more than shock therapy and mouth-to-mouth to return from the

dead, Unsound Mind devise riffs that they've obviously been diligent at crafting and perfecting, avoiding spewing out the first thing that comes to mind. Potent, poisonous, darkly melodic choruses are well-arranged and memorable. "Crack" reminds me of a not-boring version of Damage Plan, especially in the sprawling, low bass riffs. Unsound Mind get sensitive with "Elizabeth," then thrashy with "Godless." The double-bass drumming throughout is fast and technically perfect. My favorite song is the first one, "Shallow," with its Filter-like bass line that sounds like a raccoon running up for the Indy 500. www.unsound-mind.com

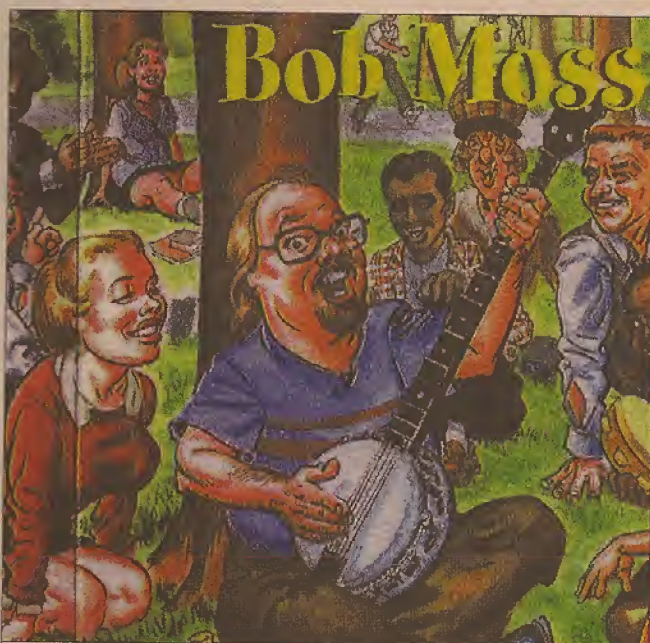
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"Hey sonny,

how do you get that thing off the ground."

Photos & words by Nate Millard

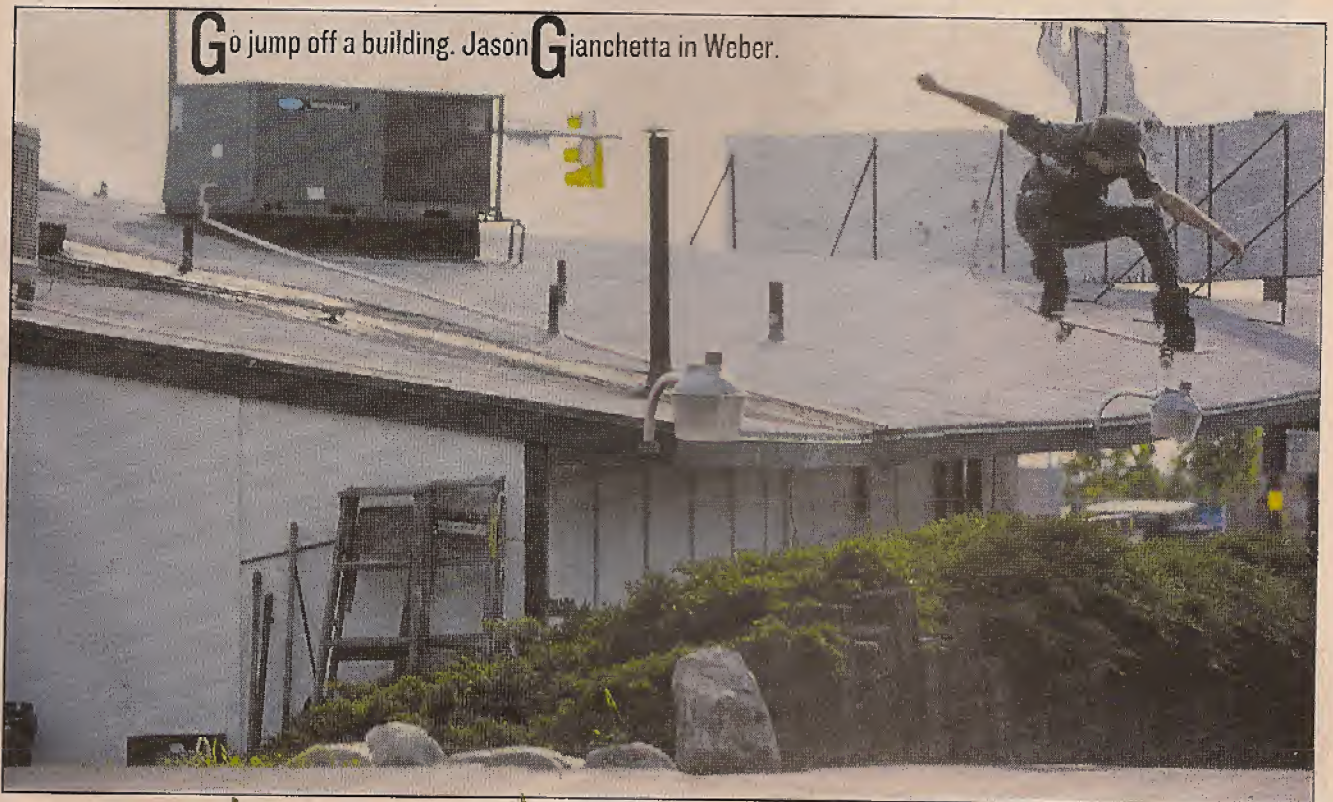


Older generations of people have a hard time grasping the idea of skateboarding. Not so much as why we do it, but more so, how we "get those darned things off the ground?" The physics of the basic ollie is hard for some people to comprehend, but for a skateboarder it becomes second nature. It is difficult to imagine skating without the ollie. **Where would we be if Alan "Ollie" Gelfand hadn't done an aerial without grabbing back in the late 70s? Would we still be sidewalk surfing, or would the art form have died like the hula-hoop, or the pogo ball of the 80s?**

Since the birth of the ollie, skateboarding has progressed into something that the early professionals of the sport could not have imagined. Technical tricks down large sets of stairs and handrails have become somewhat of a staple for skateboarding. Let's not forget the roots of it all, because so much style and personality is imbedded within a skateboarder's

Ollie.

Go jump off a building. Jason **G**ianchetta in Weber.



SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND

35

The word ollie does not appear in the dictionary. However, **C**y Bickmore appears to navigate an ollie between a rock and a hard place **W**ith textbook style.





Transition has always been an intigrul part of skateboarding.

Mike Hays takes it to the transition with an **O**llie to fakie
in the depths of **S**alt Lake.

Mike M

urdock squeezes a stylish Ollie out of a tight wheelchair ramp.



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KATCH UP

By Josh Scheurman josh@slugmag.co



Danny Kass

Photo: Tim Hubbs

Last month, Red Bull hosted the third and final Heavy Metal contest here in SLC.

If you missed the event, here is a quick recap. If you want to know about skating, skip ahead. The battlefield was the concrete steps of the Utah Jazz's home court, the *Delta Center*. Through various contests, a group of qualifiers would have a chance at \$1000 and the opportunity to compete against the pros in the finals. The qualifiers had 45 minutes to session three of the six rails and took no time to start things off. Front board slides and board slide 180 out were common, a few were stepping it up with 270 on board slides and switch lip slides. At the end of the session, Aaron Bitner, riding for Technine and Oakley, was the winner of the money and one of the three to advance to the finals.

Top pros that came out for the event included locals Jeremy Jones, Mark Frank Montoya, Mitch Nelson, Eric Leines, Jordan Mendenhall and Erin Comstock. Favorites from out of state included Danny Kass, Eddie Wall, Travis Kennedy and George Oakley. The course was set up for two zones. The first zone was one straight rail and two C-rails flanking the straight. Travis Kennedy took the 10 Gs with a 270 front board on a C-Rail to win. The second zone was another rail to butter to, a triple kink and a 14-ft. gap to rail. The kink was the most heavily sessioned, with plenty of wrecks to excite the crowd. Jordan Mendenhall, Jeremy Jones, Danny Kass, Eddie Wall and Mark Frank Montoya took their turns on the gap. Alexis Waite was the only girl to go toes against the gap and won for her efforts. Jeremy Jones and Eddie Wall were battling for the first spin ons to the gap, but Mark Frank took the bling with a 270 on and 270 off, making it all look too easy.

So now that we have the snowboarding finally out of the way for the season (I think), let's move on to the skating and many of the skate series you will have to be fundraising money for in the near future.

On May 15, M.I.D. Life Skateboards held the first of their *Rising Youth* series. Hosted at the Provo Teen Center, a lot of Salt Lake kids headed to Happy Valley to throw the smack down. Winners included:

Advanced

1. Sam Hubble
2. Levi Faust
3. Weston Colton

Intermediate

1. Holland Redd
2. Dylan Call
3. Michael Zanelli

Beginner

1. Matt Penwell
2. Jonathan De Jesus
3. Brandon Aguayo

Best Trick

Andrew Roach

If you have any questions, give Colten Tidwell a call at 801.735.5266 to find out when the next Utah county contest is likely to go down.

SLUG Magazine and Milosport are teaming up to open up both contest series in Park City on June 26. You are going to want to put all of these dates on your calendars, kids. Milo will have two more contests in Park City on July 31 and Aug. 28. You can register before each contest with forms from Milo Locations for \$15 before the contest and \$20 day of.

On Friday, June 25, don't miss the SLUG Magazine and Circa Summer of Death Skate Series Pre-Party with Chubby Bunny and Le Force at Todd's. If you haven't heard already, Le Force slays and Chubby Bunny kills, and if you

miss it, don't be surprised to find yourself waking up on the morning of June 26 in the fetal position, your body recoiling in shock and disappointment.

At the beginning of each month as well, SLUG Magazine will be hosting the much-anticipated 2004 Summer of Death Skate series. After Park City, the contest will move to Layton and team up with 2612 (who are hosting their own series as well) in early July and then the beginning of August at Fairmont Park, with the finals at Binary in early September. The winner of the series will have the chance to win a spot at the Tampa Am Contest early next year. Stay tuned for dates to soon follow. It's going to be One Hot American Summer.

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APPLICATIONS DUE JUNE 14

For more info, contact Kim Schmit
 801.532.7500 or kim@spyhop.org

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and
CLEAR

KRCL 90.9 fm

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-SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND-

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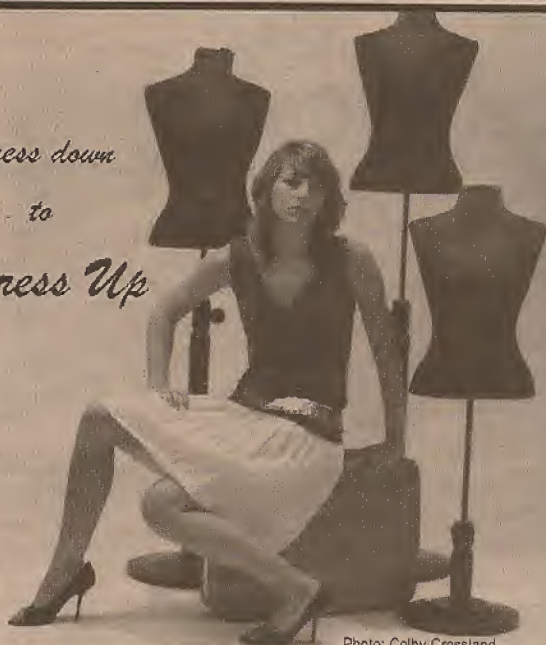


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SUBMISSIONS FOR THE SLUG CALENDAR ARE DUE BY THE 25TH OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH. FAX TO 487.1359 OR EMAIL DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM

- Thursday June 3**
Cephalic Carnage, Exhumed,
Uphill Battle- The Basement
Joint 45's, Ridgerunners,
Dead Kats- Halo
Lars Frederiksen and the
Bastards, Nekromantik,
The Hunns, Horrorpops-
In the Venue
Blue Judas, Enough Said,
The Dragon and the Magicorn
and the Fiery Light, Bonfire
Madigan, The Detachment Kit,
Dead Lip- Kilby
Adara, Farewell My Enemy, Wish
the End- Lo-Fi
Joint Compound, Crank
Caller- Urban Lounge
One-Five, Arpeaz- Vortex
Ego Trip- Ego's
- Friday June 4**
The Wolfs, Form of Rocket-
Burt's
Scatter the Ashes- Halo
The Brian Jordan Band-
Harry Os
Fail to Follow, Heather, March
Illness, In Camera, Pilot This
Plane Down, The New Transit
Direction- Kilby
Synorgy- Seabase
AM Feed, Sidecar Sally, Who
Asked You- Urban Lounge
Utah Nat'l Team Poetry Slam-
Barnes & Noble Sugarhouse
Callow, Alpha Brown- Todd's
Iron Maidens- Liquid Joe's
- Saturday June 5**
Salt City Bandits, Even Lower-
Burt's
George Lynch- Expose
Kool & the Gang, Gary Puckett-
Franklin Covey
Hot Tin Roof- Halo
Gary Jules, Matt Ryan-
In the Venue
Iron Maidens- Liquid Joe's
Tiger Saw, Viking Moses,
Thieta Naught- Orions
Synorgy- Seabase
Da Verse- Urban Lounge
Street Brats- The Basement
Elephante- Todd's
Sweatin Willy- Burt's
No Star Jazz Trio- Orions
Synorgy- Seabase
Fourteen Days From Forever,
Phantom Joust, Murrieta,
Remember Aspen, Eye of the
Potatoe, Jesse David- Kilby
Himalayan Festival-
Krishna Temple (Spanish Fork)
Iron Maidens- Liquid Joe's
Bobby & Steve- W Lounge
- Sunday June 6**
Jessica Something Jewish,
Corretta Scott, Fairwell
Madison, Gabriel, XOXOXO-
Kilby
Roma- W Lounge
Renegade, DJ Mea, DJ Shugga-
Sound
- Monday June 7**
DJ Curtis Strage- Burt's
Dave Compton- Halo
Thanksgiving, Joanna Newsom,
Devendra Barnhart, Vetter-
Kilby
- Tuesday June 8**
Piebald, The Jealous Sound,
Applesseed Cast, Down To Earth
Approach- Lo-Fi
The River- Orions
Gigi Love- Urban
- Christopher Dean, Clarity,
Send No Flowers- Kilby
Brian Jordan (of Karl Denson's
Tiny Universe)- Ego's
- Wednesday June 9**
The Legendary Shack Shakers,
The Weary Boys, Dan Morley-
Halo
Lenore, Fallen Stars Forgotten,
Ace of Test Pilots- Lo-Fi
The Thermals- Sound
DJ Rebel- Urban Lounge
A Moment's Loss, Postbreak
Tragedy, Dramatic Still Life,
Petracovich, Layna- Kilby
- Thursday June 10**
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
Sparta, Engine Down, All State
Champs- Lo-Fi
Anny Celis, Duane
Jarvis- Orions
Bottom Line- Urban Lounge
Twisted Cabbage?, End of
Story, Tear, Claiming Hayley,
Tucked in Fate, Ithaca Melody-
Kilby
- Friday June 11**
Phonoo, Theta Naught, Joint
Compound- The Basement
The Crommets, Fuck the
Informers- Burt's
Washington Generals, Pagan
Love Gods- Halo
Amity, Quik Feet, Remember
Aspen- Orions
SLUG Localized w/ The Rubes,
Callow, Coby Anderson-
Urban Lounge
Murrieta, Legend Has It-
Todd's
- Lenore, Fallen Stars Forgotten,
A death of us all, Corban,
Robbed, Val Emmich, Chris
Bjornin- Kilby
Kenny Chesney, Rascal Flatts,
Uncle Kracker- USANA
Matt Lewis Band- Club Sound
L.A.O., Minutes Too Far,
Single File, Last Response-
Lo-Fi
Purdy Mouth- Ego's
- Saturday June 12**
The Slow Poisoners,
The Rubes- Burt's
Advocate, Bud Heavy- Halo
KRCI's Day in the Park-
Jordan Park
Amazing Transparent Man,
Better Luck Next Year, Postcards
Home, Enough Said- Lo-Fi
The Body- Urban Lounge
Foil Kit Lampy, Kevin Allred-
Todd's
Three Star Hotel, Despite
Hope, I Am Electric- Kilby
JW Blackout, Jackass,
Snn Poets- Ego's
- Sunday June 13**
Sweatin Willy- Burt's
The Rubes, Mark Mallman,
Albany- Kilby
No Star Jazz- Orions
DJ Calvin X, DJ Keen-
Urban Lounge
Summer Reggae Bash w/Pato
Bouton, Israel Vibration- Suede
Aquastry w/ Masterblaster-
W Lounge
- Monday June 14**
DJ Curtis Strage- Burt's
Gotham Road (feat Michael
Graves of Misfits),
Die Monster Die- Halo
Blue Eyed Son- Orions
- ECS, In Media Res, Asher
Grey- Kilby
Scott Holt- Club Sound
- Tuesday June 15**
Eye of the Potato- Burt's
A Chance Without- Halo
Killing the Camera, Tucked in
Fate, The Ithaca Melody
Willem Defoe, Longarm, Need
New Body, Hella- Kilby
Handjobinvolved- Monk's
Eric McFadden Trio (of
Parliament/Funkadelic)- Ego's
- Wednesday June 16**
We March- Burt's
Black Castle- Halo
Kevin Devine, Number One
Fan, Plain White T's, The
Rockel Summer- In the Venue
Kiwi Rox Fest w/Until Further
Notice, The Mourning After,
Remember Aspen, Adam
McGune Group, Reaction,
UTMoST, Brilliant Stereo
Mob- Kilby
The Pleased, The Damnwells,
The Shore- Lo-Fi
Cassius- Urban Lounge
Napoleon Dynamite, free
screening- Madstone
- Thursday June 17**
Private Radio, Dubbed- Halo
Kiwi Rox Fest w/For the
Moment, Stereo Drone,
Motivational Speakers, Five
Bullet Grave, Six Foot Audio,
Downfall86, Schwa Grotto-
Kilby
Le Force, Mammoth (Morgan's
B-Day)- Todd's
Bear Vs. Shark, Name Taken-
Lo-Fi
Spasm w/DJ Terrence (Red
Bennies), Eli (Wolfs)- Ego's
Quadrophonic- Urban
- Friday June 18**
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
Bad Luck Blues Band- Halo
The Streets, X-Ecutioneers,
The Pharcyde, C-Rayz Walz-
Harry Os
Endochine, Watashi Wa, Clarity,
Ace of Test Pilots-
Lo-Fi
The Hurts- Urban Lounge
Watsonville Patio- Suede
Jupassa, Coyote Hoods, Beard
Of Solitude- Todd's
Day of Less, Ever We Fall- Kilby
Aerial- Liquid Joe's
Spanky Van Dyke, Six-Sided
Box- Ego's
Gallery Stroll- Downtown
- Saturday June 19**
Ditty Birds- Burt's
Dubbed, Weary Boys, Pagan
Love Gods- Halo
Lower Class Brats, The Briggs,
Angel City Outcasts, The Front,
The Havoc, 12th Street
Staggers- Lo-Fi
Fawn Fables, PurrBats-
Urban Lounge
Agape, El Toro- Todd's
Bad Day After, Larusso, 3%
Hero, Her Candane,
Day of Lions- Kilby
Aerial- Kamikazes
AquaBats- In the Venue
DJ Knuckles- Ego's
Benji Candelario- W Lounge
- Sunday June 20**
Thistle, Amp Line- Burt's
Richmond Fontaine, Motherless
- Cowboys- Egos
Harley Quinn- Orions
Toxic Narcotic- The Basement
The Kingdom- W Lounge
- Monday June 21**
DJ Curtis Strage- Burt's
This is Revenge, Other Pocket-
Halo
Ten Second Epic,
Peachcake- Lo-Fi
Sean Costello- Sound
The Krays, Monster Squad,
Croynox- The Basement
Jump the Gun, Snow Guts
Glass, In Ink Please, Letters of
Lament, And Juliet, Washington
Social Club, Pleasure Club-
Kilby
- Tuesday June 22**
Synthetic Element-
The Basement
Le Force, 76 Charger, Death
House Chaplain- Burt's
Soul Medic- Halo
The Living End, Maxeen, Salt
City Bandits- In the Venue
The Dead Pets, Even Lower-
Lo-Fi
Baby Goat- Urban Lounge
Icharus Falling, Aris Decline,
Shane, Red Bennies,
The Ponys, Gift Anon- Kilby
- Wednesday June 23**
Asylum Street Spankers- Halo
Killing the Camera, OK Kuku,
Take the Fall, El Toro,
Broken Spindles- Kilby
Brian Vander Ark, The
Samples- Suede
Christ Analogue, Manufacture,
Sister Machine Gun-
Urban Lounge
Perpetual Groove- Club DV8
Remedy Motel, Hot Buttered
Rum String Band- Ego's
- Thursday June 24**
A.18, Countdown to Life,
Folsom- The Basement
Pagan Love Gods- Burt's
JGB- Harry Os
The Scary Kids, The Pury, Day
of Less, In Camera,
Kane Hodder- Lo-Fi
Six-Sided Box, Send No
Flowers- Urban Lounge
UT Arts Fest- Gallivan
Vinyl- Suede
Battle of the Bands & Arpeaz,
One Five, D.A.L.- Vortex
Little Kings, Willows Way, Large
Marge, Fourteen Days From
Forever- Kilby
- Friday June 25**
Unsound Mind, Sarge- Burt's
Dexter Grove, Gamma Rays-
Halo
Rogue Wave- Sound
The Wolfs, 3-D Arson-
Urban Lounge
UT Arts Fest- Gallivan
Summer of Death SK8 Series-
Park City Skatepark
SLUG's Summer of Death SK8
Series Pre Party w/Chubby
Bunny, Le Force- Todd's
Offset, My New Life, Sherwood,
James Egan, The Pale, Rocky
Votolato- Kilby
gn USANA
Audio Karate, Say Anything,
MC Lars, Lance's Hero- Lo-Fi
Punk Rock Karaoke- Ego's
Dark Arts Fest w/Cesium.137,
Emergence, Tragic Black.
- Gothic Rap Project- Area 51
- Saturday June 26**
Compound Fraxure- Burt's
The Musement- Halo
UT Arts Fest- Gallivan
Alejandro's Cavern, Sharr-
Todd's
Amerivestpa's soul night after-
party- Urban Lounge
Pick Your Poison, Brainstamp,
Brobecks- Kilby
Mike Pelumie (Alkaline Trio),
Split Habit, As Tall as Lions-
Lo-Fi
Real Eyes- Ego's
Dark Arts Fest w/The Last
Dance, Machinegun Symphony,
Phono, Mona, Dulce Sky, Ashes
of Fall, fashion show- Area 51
- Sunday June 27**
Sweatin Willy- Burt's
UT Arts Fest- Gallivan
My Hotel Year, Brandon-
Kilby
Audioflo- W Lounge
Dark Arts Fest w/Human
Drama, The Azotic, The Strand,
Domiana, Redemption, Violet
Run, Sigma 6- Area 51
- Monday June 28**
Beloved, Time in Malta, Classic
Case, Aftermath of a Train
Wreck- The Basement
DJ Curtis Strage- Burt's
Dave Compton- Halo
Anthony Gomes- Sound
Crazy Demons Motorcross-
E-Center
- Tuesday June 29**
Simon and muthafuckin'
Garfunkel, The Every Bros-
Delta Center
Fort Union- Halo
Handjobinvolved- Monk's
The Dead- USANA
- Wednesday June 30**
Head Shot- Burt's
South Austin Jug Band-
Gallivan
Vengeance- Halo
Cassius- Urban Lounge
Ellipsis- Suede
Rush- USANA
Lia Fail- Lo-Fi
Dexter Grove- Ego's
- Thursday July 1**
Down the Buffalo, Sonny
Landreth- Gallivan
Never Heard of It- Halo
Insatiable- Harry Os
Legendary Pink Dous-
In the Venue
- Friday July 2**
Tolchack Trio- Todd's
Blue Oyster Cult-
Ogden Amphitheatre
Delicatto- Ego's
- Saturday July 3**
Blender, Skint- Burt's
Josh Todd- Egos
Richmond Fontaine-
Hog Wallow
Blood Brothers- Kilby
Glacial- Todd's
Kaddisfly, Fall of Transition,
Ayin- Lo-Fi
Red Bennies 7" release w/The
Wolfs- Urban
- Sunday July 4**
Get patriotic- any park
Monday July 5
Cosmic Charlie- Suede

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06.02 **Local H**
Nebula

EGGS
8:00 PM

06.16 **The Rocket Summer**
Plain White T's
Number One Fan, Kevin Devine

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

07.01 **The Legendary Pink Dots**

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

07.07 **Pedro The Lion**
John Vanderslice

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

07.22 **The Reverend Horton Heat**
Detroit Cobras
The Forty-Fives

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

07.27 **Tsunami Bomb**
The Lawrence Arms, Pipedown,
Scattered Fall

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

07.28 **Fall Out Boy**
Armor For Sleep, Bayside
Name Taken

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

08.30 **Face To Face**
Farewell Tour

IN THE VENUE
7:30 PM

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-SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND-

02 6-6:30 A Common Excuse
6:45-7:15 On By One
7:30-8 Heather
second show 55
8:30-9 Paradigm
9:15-9:45 Compelled
10-10:30 Second Fall

03 6-6:30 Blue Judas
6:45-7:15 Enough Said
7:30-8 open
second show 65
8:30-8:50 the dragon and the
magician and the fiery light
9:05-9:35 Bonfire Madigan
9:40-10:10 Detachment Kit
10:30-11 Dead Lip

04 6-6:30 Heather
6:45-7:15 March Illness
7:30-8 Fall to follow
second show
8:30-9 In Camera
9:15-9:45 Pilot This Plane Down
10-10:30 The New Transit Direct

05 6-6:30 fourteen days from
forever
6:45-7:15 phantom Joust
7:30-8:00 Murieta
second show
8:30-9 remember aspen
9:15-9:45 Eyc of The Potatoe
10-10:30 Jesse David CD R/t.

06 7:30-8 Jessica Something Jewish
8:15-8:45 XXXOXO
9:00-9:30 Corretta Scott
9:45-10:15 Fairwell Madison
10:30-11:00 Gabriel

07 7:30-8 Thanksgiving
8:15-8:45 Votiver
9:00-9:30 Joanna Newsom
9:45-10:30 Devendra Banhart

08 8:30-9 Christopher Dean
9:15-9:45 Clarity
10-10:30 Send No Flowers

09 6-6:30 A Moments Loss
6:45-7:15 Postbreak Tragedy
7:30-8 Dramatic Still Life
second show
8:30-9 Open
9:15-9:45 Petravovich
10-10:30 Layna

10 6-6:30 Twisted Cabbage?
6:45-7:15 End Of Story
Second Show 65
7:30-8 Tear
8:15-8:45 Claiming Hailey
9:00-9:30 Tucked in Fate
9:45-10:15 Ithaca Melody

11 6-6:30 Lenore
6:45-7:15 Fallen Stars Forgotten
7:30-8 A death of us all
second show 65
8:30-9 Corban
9:15-9:45 Robbed
10-10:30 Val Emmich
10:45-11:15 Chris Bjorn

12 6-6:30 Open
6:45-7:15 Three Star Hotel
7:30-8 Despite Hope
second show
8:30-9 OPEN
9:15-9:45 OPEN
10-10:30 I am Electric

13 8:15-8:45 The Rubes
9-9:30 Mark Mallmon
9:45-10:15 Albany

14 7:30-8 ECS
8:15-8:45 In Media Res
9-9:30 Asher Grey

15 7:30-8 Willem Defbe
second show 85
8:30-9 Longarm (members of
Form of Rocket/Smashy Smashy
9:15-9:45 Nood New Body
10-10:45 Hells

16 Kiwi Rox Fest 55 (6pm)

17 Kiwi Rox Fest 55 (6pm)

18 6-6:30 Day of Less
6:45-7:15 Ever We Fall

19 6-6:30 Bad Day After
6:45-7:15 Larusso
7:30-8 3% hero
second show
8:30-9 Open
9:15-9:45 Her Candane
10-10:30 Day of Lions

21 6-6:20 Jump the Gun
6:25-6:50 Snow Cuts Glass
6:55-7:20 In Ink Please
7:30-7:55 Letters of Lament
second show 65
8:30-9 And Juliet
9:15-9:45 Washington Social
Club
10-10:30 Pleasure Club

22 6-6:30 Ioharus Falling
6:45-7:15 Aria Decline
7:30-8 Shunc
second show
8:30-9 Red Bonnies
9:15-9:45 The Ponys
10-10:30 Gift Anon

23 7:30-8 Killing the Camera
second show 85
8:30-8:50 OK Ikami
8:55-9:25 Take the Fall
9:40-10:10 El Toro
10:30-11:15 Broken Spindles
(members of the filmt)

24 6-6:30 Little Kings
6:45-7:15 Willows Way
7:30-8 Large Marge
second show
8:30-9 OPEN
9:15-9:45 Fourteen Days From
Forever

25 6-6:30 Offset
6:45-7:15 My New Life
7:30-8 Sherwood
second show 85
8:30-9 James Egan
9:15-9:45 The Pale
10-10:50 Rocky Votolato

26 6:45-7:15 Open
7:30-8 Pick Your Poison
second show
8:30-9 Brainstamp
9:15-9:45 Brobelis

27 7:30-8 Open
8:30-9 My Hotel Year
9:15-9:45 Brandon



FEATURED EVENTS



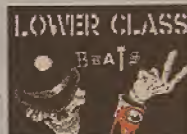
**The Reverend Horton Heat,
Detroit Cobras,
The Forty-Fives**
Thursday, July 22
at In the Venue



**The Aquabats, Petty Booka,
Bad Credit**
Monday, July 19
at In the Venue



**Face to Face
Farewell Tour**
Monday, August 30
at In the Venue



**Lower Class Brats, The Briggs,
Angel City Outcasts, The Havoc,
The Front, 12th Street Stagers**
Saturday, June 19
at Lo-Fi Cafe

UPCOMING EVENTS

L.A.O. Minutes Too Far, Single File, TBA
Friday, June 11 @ 07:30PM

**Amazing Transparent Man, Better Luck Next
Year, Postcards Home, Enough Said**
Saturday, June 12 @ 07:30PM

**The Rocket Summer, Plain White T's, Number
One fan, Kevin Devine**
Wednesday, June 16 @ 07:00PM

The Living End
Tuesday, June 22 @ 07:00PM

The Dead Pets, Even Lower, TBA
Tuesday, June 22 @ 07:30PM

**Audio Karate, Say Anything, MC Lars,
Lance's Hero**
Friday, June 25 @ 07:00PM

Mike Folumlee, Split Habit, As Tall As Lions
Saturday, June 26 @ 07:30PM

The Legendary Pink Dots
Thursday, July 01 @ 07:30PM

Pedro the Lion, John Vanderslice
Wednesday, July 07 @ 07:30PM

**Cannibal Corpse, Black Dahlia Murder,
Decapitated**
Thursday, July 22 @ 06:30PM

**Reel Big Fish, RX Bandits, Catch 22,
Lucky Boys Confusion**
Saturday, July 24 @ 01:00PM

**Tsunami Bomb, The Lawrence Arms, Pipedown,
Scattered Fall**
Tuesday, July 27 @ 07:00PM



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